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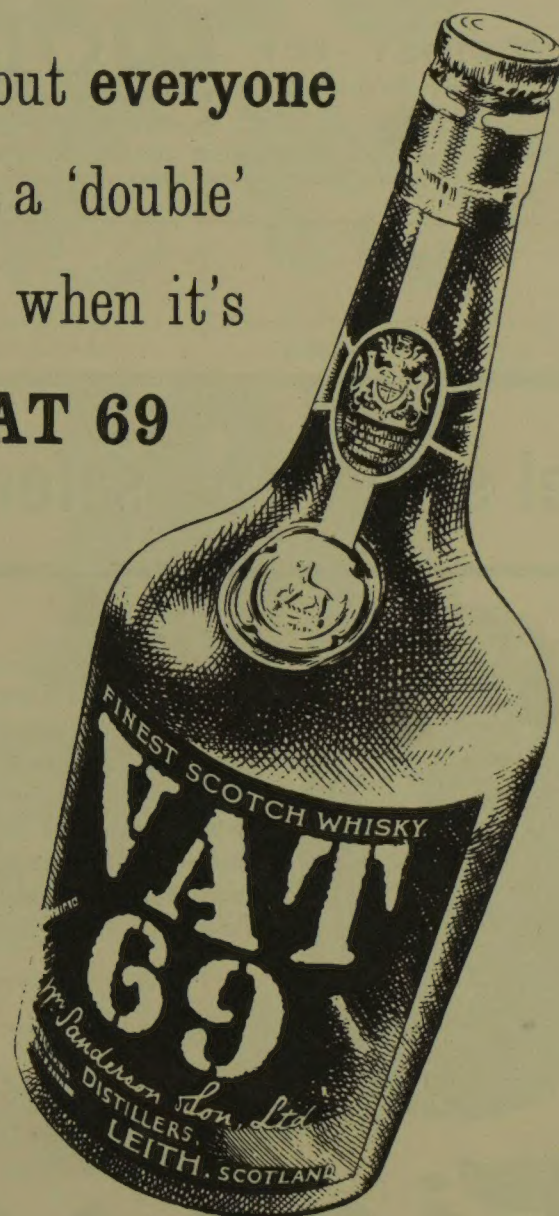
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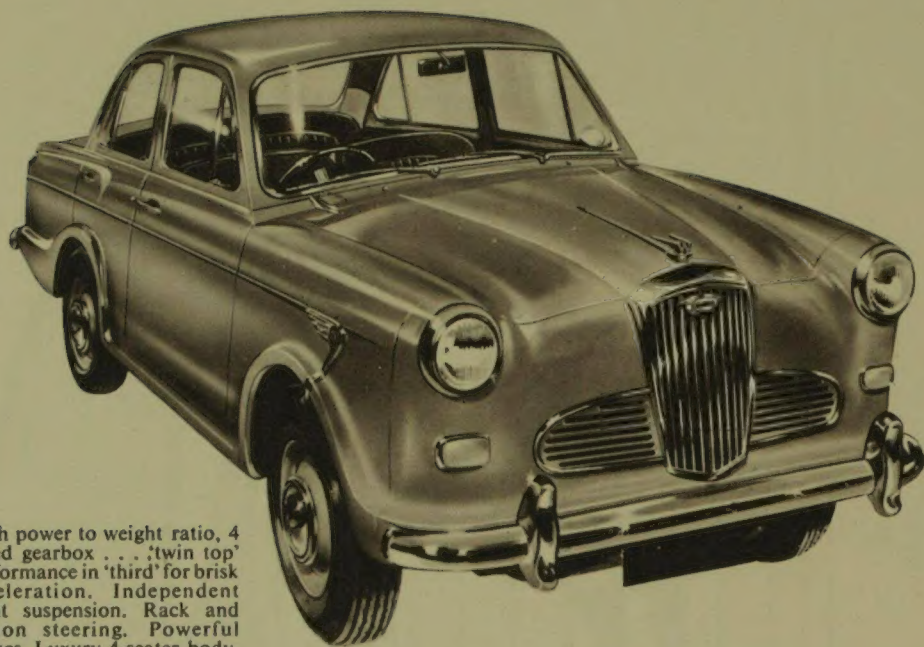


...but everyone
has a 'double'
when it's

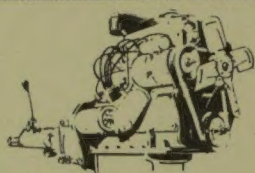
VAT 69



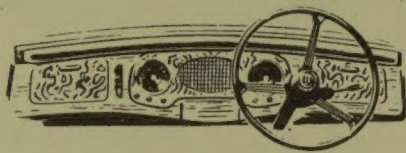
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really exceptional value . . . outstandingly safe and manoeuvrable car, taking four people in comfort.

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With acknowledgements to all publications and writers concerned.

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Firestone *Town & Country*
with weatherised tread for rear wheels



Firestone

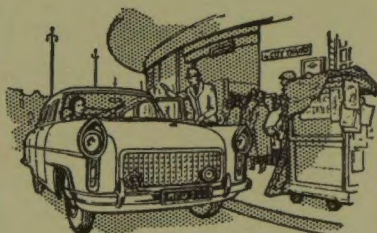
DE LUXE

In today's motoring hazards you owe it to your family, you owe it to others, you owe it to yourself to BE SAFE ON THE ROAD

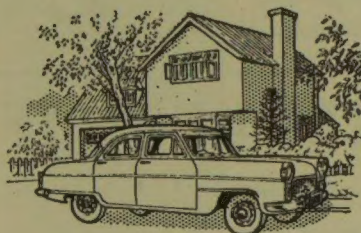
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your engine when
it's idle as well as
when it's running
—use*

THE OIL

Esso Extra Motor Oil protects your engine when it's idle as well as when it's running. This double protection is vital because wear—corrosive wear from condensation—can take place even in idle engines, and the average car is idle for 90 per cent of its life. It's a fact. Take a busy day.



Driving to station and back
RUNNING: 15 MINS

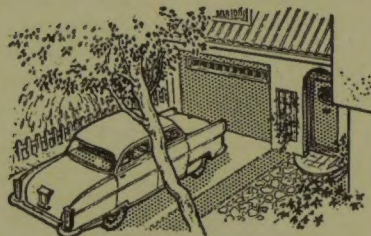


Parked outside house on return
IDLE: 30 MINS



Taking children to school and back
RUNNING: 30 MINS

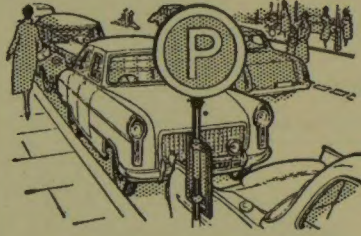
THAT STAYS



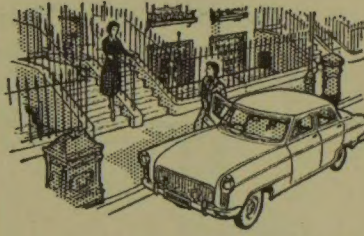
Left in drive after school trip
IDLE: 5 HOURS



Going to local shops
RUNNING: 15 MINS

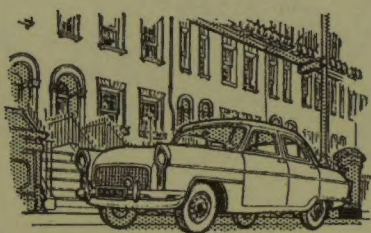


Parked while shopping
IDLE: 30 MINS



Visiting friend (and back home later)
RUNNING: 30 MINS

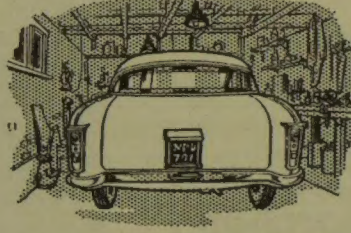
ON THE JOB



Outside friend's house and in drive
on return **IDLE: 4 HOURS**



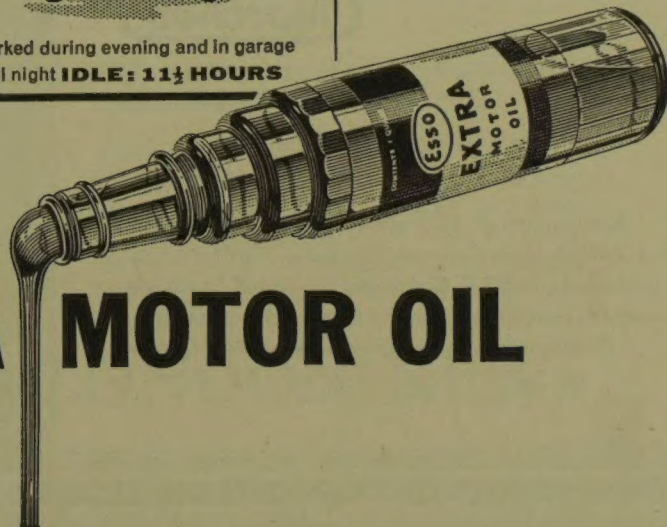
Taking car to town and back
RUNNING: 1 HOUR



Parked during evening and in garage
all night **IDLE: 11½ HOURS**

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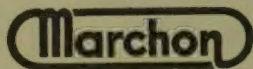
Hotels			Daily			Hotels			Daily			Hotels			Daily		
	Beds	all-incl. rates					Beds	all-incl. rates					Beds	all-incl. rates			
Hof Maran Golfhotel	110	21.— to 30.—	Merkur	40	18.— to 26.—	Hold	34	17.— to 23.—							
Posthotel ...	100	21.— to 30.—	Streiff-Juventas	...	50	18.— to 26.—	Hof Arosa	75	17.— to 23.—							
Raetia ...	90	21.— to 30.—	Suvretta	40	18.— to 26.—	Quellenhof	40	17.— to 23.—							
Seehof ...	110	21.— to 30.—	Alpina	30	17.— to 23.—	Gentiana	30	17.— to 23.—							
Valsana ...	140	21.— to 30.—	Bahnhof	30	17.— to 23.—	Obersee	30	17.— to 23.—							
Anita ...	45	18.— to 26.—	Berghus (Bristol)	...	40	17.— to 23.—	Trauffer	25	16.— to 21.—							
Belvédère-Tanneck	65	18.— to 26.—	Central	40	17.— to 23.—	Waldfrieden	16	16.— to 21.—							
Carmenna ...	50	18.— to 26.—	Guardaval	20	17.— to 23.—	Bermont garni	...	35	10.50 to 17.—							
Furka ...	35	18.— to 26.—	Hohe Promenade	...	20	17.— to 23.—											
Isla ...	54	18.— to 26.—															

* Room and breakfast.

* Room and breakfast.

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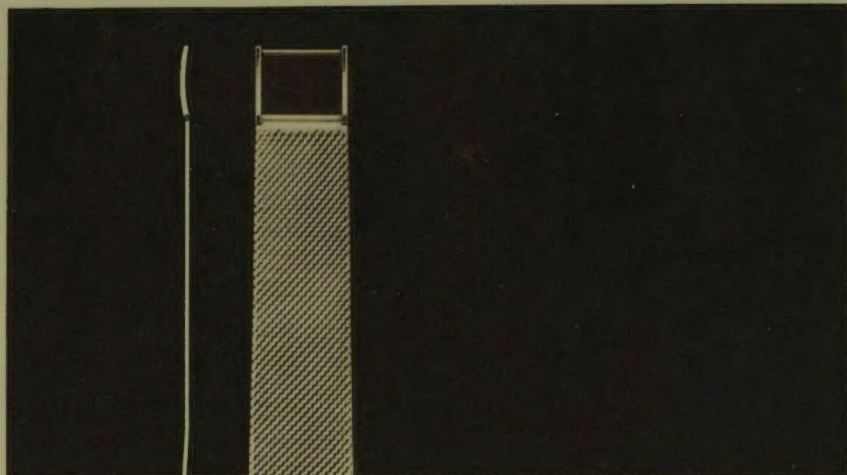


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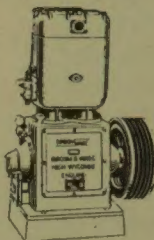
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THE ARISTOCRAT OF LIQUEURS

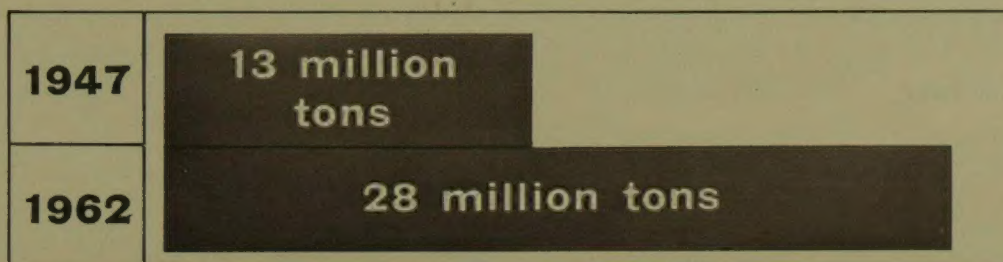
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Result for Britain—cheap steel,
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the most efficient steel
industries in the world.

FIFTEEN YEARS OF PLANNED EXPANSION:



Long Vacation to the sun...

Archibald Stanley, barrister, gazed gloomily out of the window of his Chambers. Still five weeks of Term to run. Piles of papers spread round him like a nightmare knotted with red tapes. He must get *away* for the Long Vacation—right away, somewhere he'd find the sun and have a bit of peace... A week later he was dining with Sir Timothy, his uncle—amazing how one's relations asked one to dinner and wanted free advice. Sir Timothy was worried about his daughter Christine in Durban—

A few weeks later Archibald Stanley was on board the 'Stirling Castle' outward bound for Cape Town. Luxury suited him down to the deck. Long days of sunshine, time to think coherently, fine Union-Castle service, fine Union-Castle food, an afternoon in Madeira, and weeks of utter freedom from solicitors, stiff collars and striped trousers.

He leant over the rails watching the ship dock at Cape Town. Table Mountain, laid with a cloth of cloud. Once



some business about property in her name in England. Sir Timothy said, "Archie, you never seem to be in Chambers when I ring you, can't have much to do, why don't you go out there and see if you can sort it all out for her?" It was a good idea. The Long Vacation was eight weeks—it would only take six to get to Cape Town and back, by sea, allowing two weeks ashore in South Africa... and generous Uncle Timothy could no doubt be persuaded to foot half the bill... at least!

ashore he hired a car and motored the first stage of his way towards Durban and Christine, going via the Garden Route to George, to Knysna and the Wilderness. At Port Elizabeth he caught a plane to Durban. Christine and Jan met him and they motored out to their white-pillared home, flaming with bouganvillea. Christine was happy in South Africa, and she was going to have a baby. Archibald disentangled her legal worry, and promised to look after the English end of the thing when he got home.



He stayed with his cousins for nearly a week, and then flew to Cape Town to the Mount Nelson Hotel. On board again he shared his table with a very pretty South African girl on a visit to England.

There were more piles of papers waiting for him in Chambers in London, but he felt ready to cope with anything now.

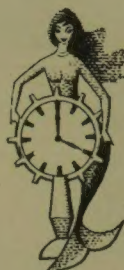
He dined with Uncle Timothy again, and told him all Christine's news and how much good the trip had done him. He made a clever joke about 'Mare Nostrum', which his Uncle had to have explained. He also had to have the South African girl explained, and brought round, before he would approve of Archie getting engaged.

By going and coming back on the dates he chose, Archibald Stanley came in for the Quick Trip Reduction in Union-Castle First Class fares. And, of course, there



was no charge for the extra 'baggage' he brought back with him from South Africa. That was Sir Timothy's turn to make a joke!

the going's good by



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SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1959.



A SAD LOSS TO THE WESTERN WORLD: MR. JOHN FOSTER DULLES, WHO DIED ON MAY 24.

Mr. John Foster Dulles, for six years the United States Secretary of State, died on May 24, having resigned from his post through illness in April. By his immense knowledge, his firm grasp of world affairs and by his skill, courage and relentless determination, Mr. Dulles was probably the outstanding figure in Western diplomacy in the post-war era. Mr. Eisenhower has proclaimed him the greatest Secretary of State he has ever known. Convinced of the

evils of Communism, he was unbending in his determination to prevent its spread and held the firm opinion that American lack of realism in this respect had in the past led to war. In consequence, his evaluation of world affairs led him to adopt policies which met with widespread criticism; notably his refusal to acknowledge the Chinese Communists, and his hasty withdrawal of an offer to help Egypt finance the Aswan Dam. (Photograph by Katherine Young.)

Postage—Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 5½d. (These rates apply as The Illustrated London News is registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THIS summer the Port of London Authority celebrates its fiftieth anniversary. It is probably both the most important and efficient body of its kind in the world, and it certainly controls what is still, and for the past four centuries has been, the world's greatest port. Like the port of London itself the P.L.A. does its work out of sight of the vast majority of Londoners, most of whom have either never heard of it and, if they have, have only the vaguest notion of what it is or does. Yet it is probably no exaggeration to say that on its work the prosperity and even existence of every citizen of our vast metropolis depend, and not only of London but of Britain herself. Had Hitler in 1940 been able to put the Port of London and its administration permanently out of action it would have proved a blow even more fatal to our country than the destruction and encirclement of the Ruhr proved to Germany in 1945. For more than any other nation in the world, Britain lives by the sea and by seaborne trade, and it is into the Port of London that the greatest part of that trade flows and that the business which creates and maintains it is done. For though no contrast could be greater than between the outward appearance of the two cities, London is the Venice of the modern world. What Tyre and Carthage were to the commerce of the ancient Mediterranean, grey, smoky London and her river are to the oceanic trade of our global epoch.

What a romance is here, and how much of the history of our country is contained in it! For sixty-nine miles of tideway, from Southend to Teddington, the vast port in all its ramifications, from huge modern docks to tiny ancient jetties, from 35,000-ton liners to slow, grubby lighters and minute, darting launches, continues serving unseen the daily life and needs of every one of us. Only the seagulls descending on the ornamental waters of the central London parks or the sound at night of sirens and fog-horns remind us normally of its existence and of the ceaseless traffic and labour done on the waters and wharves of "Old Father Thames." For that rather banal and much-sung ballad of the B.B.C. and the barrack-room concert enshrines an indubitable truth. Out of the river and the trade it brought came London's history. It is shrouded in such remote mists of antiquity that it is virtually impossible to trace its first beginning. Yet before even the Romans came there was the deep pool beside the gravel slope—the lowest point at which it was possible to ford the great tidal estuary that all but cuts south-east England in two—from which London in all probability derives its name, from the Celtic words "Llyn" and "Din"—the hill by the pool. And the Roman conquest and rule that lasted twice as long as the British conquest and rule of India almost certainly began as a result of the seaborne trade that merchants from the Continent had established through London river and London pool with the primitive rustic islanders whom the legionaries later subdued in the name of civilisation and progress. What is certain is that under the Roman rule London became what it has remained ever since, the first port and mercantile city of these islands, and that when the Roman imperial rule collapsed and the legions withdrew four centuries later, the city still remained inviolate—"a great inland haven guarded by walls"—amid all the barbaric incursions of the dark and to us inscrutable ages that followed. When, under Alfred of Wessex—the Winston Churchill of the 9th century—civilisation and unity were again re-established in England, it was commercial London, rather than

his native capital, Winchester, that he made the focus of that England. For London, above all other ports in his semi-barbaric, much-tried realm, was England's gateway to the sea, and with his wonderful vision Alfred—an inspired ruler if ever there was—knew that England's future must be by sea. The American poet, Longfellow, mindful of the long ocean heritage of the Anglo-Saxon sea-board-dwellers of which he and his fellow New-Englanders were part, showed his understanding of this King of the Dark Ages when he described him with a book on his knee, writing

the wondrous tale
Of him who was first to sail
Into the Arctic seas.



REPLYING TO THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S ADDRESS TO THE LEGISLATURE IN LUGARD HALL, KADUNA: THE PREMIER OF NORTHERN NIGERIA SPEAKING DURING THE CEREMONY.

During Northern Nigeria's self-government celebrations in Kaduna, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester attended a ceremony on May 15 in Lugard Hall, which is the Northern House of Assembly. The Duke delivered a speech which included a message from the Queen, recalling the "never-forgotten warmth" of her welcome three years ago when she visited the region. In reply, the Premier of Northern Nigeria spoke in both English and Hausa. Three days later foundation-stones of the new Legislative Assembly were laid. For other pictures of the celebrations see opposite page.

It was this sense, as much as his profound Christian faith and goodness, that caused Alfred to be so tender and comprehending towards the terrible Scandinavian sea-raiders who had brought so much misery into his own life and that of his harried countrymen. And when, a century later, London at last fell to a conqueror's arms, it accepted as its king and England's the great Dane, Canute, who, so long as he lived, seemed about to unite all the sea-faring peoples of the North Sea littoral in a single maritime and mercantile empire.

That dream perished, but London remained. And it was "the naval men in London"—who, joining with the rustic warrior nobles at Oxford, chose Canute's successor—who preserved and made its watery destiny. When, later in that troubled century, William the Norman established his rule over England, it was to "the burghers within London, French and English friendly"—that is, to its sea traders—that he held out the hand of friendship as the surest way to cement his bloody victory at Hastings. And from their trading

through all the years that have followed, under Norman and Plantagenet, White Rose and Red, Tudor and Stuart, in Hanoverian times and Victorian and modern, the immense and ever-growing wealth, population and power of London have derived. That growth has kept pace at all times and in almost exact ratio with the volume of sea-borne trade entering London's river. When Dick Whittington and his cat came to London it was to take part, directly or indirectly, in that trade and so make his fortune and that of other English folk after him. And when Shakespeare drew the rich merchant Antonio, with "mind tossing on the ocean,"

Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind,

Peering in maps for ports and piers and roads, it was not of the Rialto he was thinking but of the Royal Exchange and of the little "legal quays" along the Thames to which the argosies that made Londoners and London rich returned from an unimaginable world of storms and pirates, and of trading for silks and spices in the furthest corners of the earth. Such were worthy citizens of credit and renown, whom Pepys dined with in London taverns and whose daughters his friendly eye approved in church, but whose minds, for all the peace of their humdrum City days, were for ever with their fortunes voyaging in ships, with port-holes "opening on the foam of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn."

It may seem a long cry from the Celtic port by the pool, from Alfred listening to Othere the old sea captain or Dick Whittington "venturing" in seaborne trade, from 17th-century Josiah Child or John Buckworth with their rich East India or Turkey Company cargoes for sale, to the modern Port of London Authority and the stately board-room of its great neo-Georgian offices in Trinity Square. Yet the principle on which it was founded and by which it lives and does its work is the same that animated the "naval men of London" when they met together to choose Canute's successor. It is the control of the port of London by those who use it and for the benefit of those who use it. Founded in the last year of King Edward VII's reign, it has ensured and ensures the regulation of London's tidal river and of its vast 19th- and 20th-century docks and warehouses to the maximum possible advantage of those who make their living by its trade and, in doing so, contribute so large a part of the nation's income. Completely non-profit-making yet independent of the Government, financing

itself by its tonnage dues and port-rates, with its representatives of shipowners, merchants and wharfingers, of Admiralty, City of London, Trinity House, Ministry of Transport and L.C.C., with its vast docks spread along the river from Tower to Tilbury, its quays, wharves and moorings, its cold stores, warehouses, sheds and cargo-handling appliances, granaries and cellars, launches and dredgers and salvage fleet, its Harbour Service and Hydrographic Survey Officers and tally-clerks and wine-samplers, its constables and foremen and stevedores, it is the model of what a Public Utility corporation should be. Despite two world wars and the immense devastation wrought by the last, the volume of sea-borne traffic it handles has risen from 38,000,000 net register tonnage in 1909 to the record figure of over 75,000,000 net register tonnage in 1958. It is an achievement of which every Briton has reason to be proud and those who control with such efficiency the destinies of the great port proudest of all.

PAGEANTRY AND CELEBRATION: BRITISH ROYAL VISITORS IN NIGERIA.



A BOUQUET FOR THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER: IN KADUNA THE ROYAL VISITORS WATCHED A CHILDREN'S PAGEANT DEPICTING THE PROGRESS OF EDUCATION IN NORTHERN NIGERIA.



THE HIGHLIGHT OF THE SELF-GOVERNMENT CELEBRATIONS IN KADUNA: 12,000 NORTHERN NIGERIANS GAVE A BRILLIANT FOUR-HOUR DURBAR, WEARING RICH AND FANTASTIC COSTUMES.



SHOWN BY TWO OF THE PREMIER'S RETAINERS: THE MAGNIFICENTLY WORKED CHIEFTAIN'S REGALIA PRESENTED TO THE DUKE AND DUCHESS BY THE PREMIER OF NORTHERN NIGERIA.

During their visit to Nigeria from May 12 to May 31, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester have been visiting the Northern Region as representatives of the Queen at the self-government celebrations. The outstanding event was a spectacular durbar held at Kaduna. Contingents from all over the region had gathered for this display, and for nearly four hours the Royal visitors watched 12,000 Africans, many of them on horseback, pass by the pavilion



OUTSIDE GOVERNMENT HOUSE, KADUNA: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS TALKING WITH THE PREMIER OF NORTHERN NIGERIA, ALHAJI SIR AHMADU BELLO.



THE GREAT DURBAR AT KADUNA: WARRIORS AND CHIEFTAINS, SOME CARRYING EMBOSSED AND GAY UMBRELLAS, OTHERS LEADING HYENAS, FORMED A SPECTACULAR PROCESSION.

in a brilliantly colourful procession. There were Emirs on horseback in flowing robes, attended by umbrella-carriers, mace-bearers, servants carrying ostrich-feather cooling-fans, acrobats, dancers with oiled bodies, masked jesters painted blue, and warriors clothed in leopard-skins. From Zaria came men carrying fifteen writhing cobras and leading three muzzled hyenas. At the end the Duke said, "... This durbar surpasses anything I have yet seen."

A ROYAL VISIT TO AN ANCIENT LONDON SCHOOL: THE QUEEN AT ST. PAUL'S.



THE QUEEN INSPECTING MEMBERS OF THE ST. PAUL'S CADET FORCE WHO FORMED THE GUARD OF HONOUR AS PART OF THE WELCOME ON HER ARRIVAL.



AN OLD AUSTIN 7, REBUILT BY ONE OF THE BOYS IN EIGHTEEN MONTHS, DREW THE ESPECIAL ATTENTION OF THE QUEEN.



THE HIGH MASTER OF ST. PAUL'S, MR. A. N. GILKES, SHOWING HER MAJESTY BOOKS FROM THE SCHOOL'S COLLECTION IN THE LIBRARY.



CHATTING TO THE SCHOOL CAPTAIN AND THE SCHOOL PREFECTS: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH DURING THEIR VISIT.



A MEMBER OF AN ART CLASS DISPLAYS HIS WORK TO THE QUEEN DURING THE PROGRESS OF THE CLASS THAT SHE WATCHED.



IN THE SCHOOL LABORATORY THE QUEEN LOOKED THROUGH A SPECTROMETER AT THE SPECTRUM OF HYDROGEN.

On May 23 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh paid an afternoon visit to St. Paul's School at Hammersmith, which is 450 years old this year and where they were shown round all the aspects of life and work by the High Master and members of the school. The school, which was founded in 1509 by Dean Colet, was moved out to Hammersmith in the last century from its old site near St. Paul's Cathedral. Our pictures show something of the variety of

interesting activities that the school was able to display to the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh during the course of the afternoon, from the scholarship that it has maintained since its foundation, to an old car given new life by the ingenuity of one of the boys. St. Paul's appeared in our series on the education of British Youth in our issue of February 28 of this year, with a survey of its long history and further illustrations of its life.

OUR HORSE-LOVING PRINCESS: POLO AND THE ROYAL WINDSOR SHOW.



(1) PRINCESS ANNE FASTENS HER BADGE AT THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE POLO CLUB'S MEETING AT WINDSOR GREAT PARK. (2) AT THE ROYAL WINDSOR HORSE SHOW: THE PRINCESS CARRYING A RIDING WHIP PURCHASED AT A MARQUEE. (3) PRINCESS ANNE STANDING BY WITH SPARE POLO STICKS AND A BOTTLE OF WATER FOR HER FATHER. (4) THE QUEEN DESCRIBING A TINY PONY SHE HAD JUST SEEN TO PRINCESS ANNE AND PRINCESS MARGARET. (5) PRINCESS ANNE WITH ONE OF PRINCE PHILIP'S PONIES, BEFORE A MATCH. (6) PRINCESS ANNE SHOWING HER FEELINGS WHEN HER FATHER MISSES A PASS DURING A MATCH. (7) A WILLING HELPER: PRINCESS ANNE TIES UP A PONY IN ONE OF THE PADDOCKS. (8) PRINCESS ANNE ADMIRING A PONY OF THE CHILDREN'S PONIES' CLASS. (9) PRINCESS ANNE READY WITH A BOTTLE OF WATER WHILE HER FATHER ADJUSTS HIS BOOTS BETWEEN CHUKKAS.

During Whitsun Princess Anne attended, together with the Queen and Princess Margaret, the Royal Windsor Horse Show in the Home Park, Windsor Castle. Princess Anne, who took a great interest in the Show, made a shopping tour of the marquees, and in one of them purchased a riding whip. Later the same day she helped her mother to distribute the rosettes in the Children's Ponies' Class. On Whit-Sunday Princess Anne watched her father play

in the Victoria Cup polo final on Smith's Lawn, Windsor Great Park, and—as these pictures show—proved an able assistant in the paddocks, where she stood ready with spare sticks and water-bottle. The following day Princess Anne again showed herself to be an energetic assistant, helping to look after Prince Philip's ponies. The Princess took a lively interest in the match in which her father's team—Windsor Park—was beaten by Cowdray Park.

THE opening phases of the Foreign Ministers' meeting at Geneva were all too familiar, and those which followed have at the time these words are written done little to brighten first impressions. There was an unedifying argument about the shape of the table to be used. That settled, and a rush job put through by Swiss carpenters, Mr. Gromyko demanded admission of Poland and Czechoslovakia. If they were to be in, the West would advance the claim of Italy, to which Russia would retort by supporting that of Rumania, and so on. There never was any question of the exclusion of interested parties from affairs which concerned them, but the main work would obviously have to be done by the responsible Powers, those required to act and which could do so. These preliminaries were formal and divorced from the business, as much as the knock-up of lawn tennis players in sweaters is from the match.

Yet we must recall that there have been other conferences, meetings of committees, meetings of sub-committees, in which the participants have not doffed their sweaters for weeks, and in one or two cases have not done so after years of knocking up. In this case there appeared to be a desire on the part of Mr. Gromyko that at least some ideas should be discussed. Even now there was little hope of practical business at an early stage, but there was at least an obvious determination on his part, as on that of the three Western Ministers, that the conversations should continue and cover subjects other than tables and fanciful projects for adding to the number sitting round them.

What have we got out of the second phase? From Russia something very simple. It is a demand for a peace treaty with a divided Germany, in effect, two peace treaties, and the deferment of reunification. Mr. Gromyko, with a business-like air, issued a warning against trying to do too much, making proposals which were too comprehensive. Yes, but his proposal as it stood, and presuming what he knew to be impossible, that there was any chance of its being accepted, might well have been a treaty leading to permanent partition, or, if not that, partition for a generation or two. In any case, the three Western Powers are at one with the Federal Republic in holding that Germany is still an entity and that the task is to discover a method which will enable the two Republics to act in common—and move to reunion.

Mr. Gromyko's argument is that a precedent exists for separate agreements with parts of a State thus split. He points out that the successor states to the Austro-Hungarian Empire signed separate agreements. Very true, but, as Mr. Herter pointed out, the result was the partition of the Empire. He did not add that this was also the intention. Rightly or wrongly, the victorious Powers were determined to break the Austro-Hungarian Empire up, as nearly as they could on

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. WELL-TRODDEN WAYS AT GENEVA.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

lines of nationality, so that the aim, as well as the effect, was partition. No one at this moment, not even the Russians, proposes the permanent partition of Germany.

The Western proposal, to which the catchword "package" has been given, is more interesting but also much more complex. I have space for the briefest summary only. First of all, Berlin to be reunited by means of free elections. This would be an interim measure pending the reunification of all Germany, which would take two and a half years. Free elections would also be held throughout Germany, but only after the preliminary moves, not as the first step—as had originally been demanded by the West. A zone

Were ingenuity and democratic sentiment all that was needed to make a notable contribution to statesmanship, it would be assured of a position assuch. However, democratic sentiment is not a quality likely to recommend it to the Soviet Union. A "package" in a deal is a collection of objects at least one of which will be found so

desirable by buyers or bidders that many will be prepared to pay good prices for the lot, though few may be interested in any of the others. Here it is hard to find any valuable object from the point of view of Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Gromyko. There is one item, the project for a mixed German Commission, to which they are fairly well disposed, but it is not for them a plum.

The "package" proposal was laid on the table—the historical table—on May 14. On the 20th a new phase in the complex affair may be said to have begun. The meeting was barren, the chief arguments being about the status of the two Germanys and the two Berlins. Behind the scenes there were private discussions,

which at least suggested that the two sides did not consider deadlock to be inevitable. This phase was also marked by some fairly optimistic comment from Mr. Khrushchev. He said that he expected a Summit Conference, though not one based upon the Western plan. It also appeared that the Western representatives might be prepared to modify the original conception of their proposal as "an inseparable whole." Each side was waiting on the other. Neither considered that all was over.

This situation contains a germ of promise but also presents a dilemma, especially for the West. The Russians want to take part in a Summit Conference, whereas they did not show enthusiasm for the meeting of the Foreign Ministers. Here my comment may be overtaken by events. I should say that the main point for decision now is what is the minimum preparation which the three Western Governments will consider necessary for a Summit Conference. On the one hand, it is asserted in some

quarters that Mr. Khrushchev will do no business unless he himself is the chief actor, and will certainly agree to no concessions not made by himself in person. On the other hand, a Summit Conference starting from a void is undesirable.

It seems to me that, while every effort should be made to outline objectives and agree upon an agenda of some sort, it would be worth while on this occasion to go ahead with less preparation than would normally be deemed necessary. It is not often that spokesmen of Soviet Russia have given as strong an impression that they are genuinely seeking progress on the international plane and not merely making propaganda. This applies especially to Mr. Khrushchev, but to some extent to Mr. Gromyko, too. Despite all difficulties and frustrations, the aim should still be a conference at the Summit.



WEARING HIS DOCTOR'S ROBES WHICH HE DESCRIBED AS BEING OF "A NICE MILITARY COLOUR": FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY DELIVERING THE FIRST OF HIS CHICHELE LECTURES IN THE SHELTONIAN THEATRE, OXFORD, ON MAY 15.

"It is interesting to note how Roosevelt and Churchill each tried to woo Stalin in his own way. . . . Each was somewhat suspicious of the other seeing Stalin alone": these were the words of Field-Marshal Montgomery delivering his first Chichele lecture at Oxford on May 15. With characteristic candour he gave his opinions on East-West relations up to the end of the Second World War, and described how the West, by allowing Stalin the whip hand and by failing to control the political centres of Central Europe, lost many of the benefits of the war. Fingering his scarlet Doctor's gown, the Field-Marshal jested: "This is a nice military colour, but it's rather hot. In fact, if it gets too hot I may take it off. I hope you won't be insulted."

in which upward limits would be placed on both indigenous and "non-indigenous" forces in areas of comparable size and depth, with inspection and control of armaments, would be brought into being on the establishment of a Government for all Germany.

A few other points may be added. During the process of reunification Berlin would be reserved as the future capital of Germany. There are somewhat complex arrangements for the electoral law for free and secret elections to be submitted to a plebiscite in both parts of Germany and for further action in case one could not be formed by this means. I cannot go further into detail, and it may well be that there is no need for it except for students of the subject, who will already have acquired full knowledge of it. In any case, it may be taken for granted that the "package," as at present composed, will not be unpacked.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



THE NORTH SEA. EN ROUTE FOR ROTTERDAM: ONE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST FLOATING DOCKS IN TOW.

This huge concrete floating dock, which has an area of something like 3 acres, was once the Royal Navy's largest floating dock; and ranks also among the world's largest. It has been purchased by the Rotterdam Dry-Dock Company and has been photographed here from the air over the North Sea as it was

being towed by three tugs from Portsmouth to Rotterdam, and providing a dramatic contrast of sizes. When installed in its new home it is expected that the dry-dock will be used for the repair of large liners, and the large tankers which are such a feature of modern oil transport.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



CHINA SEA. FOUND TAKING A SWIM AND SHORTLY AFTERWARDS RELEASED ON SHORE: THE RARE PROBOCIS OR LONG-NOSED MONKEY. A MEMBER OF THE SHIP'S CREW NICKNAMED HIM "CARRUTHERS" AFTER A FRIEND OF HIS WHO WORE A SIMILAR EXPRESSION.



CHICAGO, U.S.A. MEDICAL TREATMENT BY GUN SHOT: THIS TWENTY-EIGHT-YEAR-OLD EUROPEAN BROWN BEAR SUFFERS FROM ARTHRITIS, AND THE ONLY FEASIBLE WAY OF INJECTING MEDICINE IS BY A HYPODERMIC DART, SHOT INTO ITS LEG.



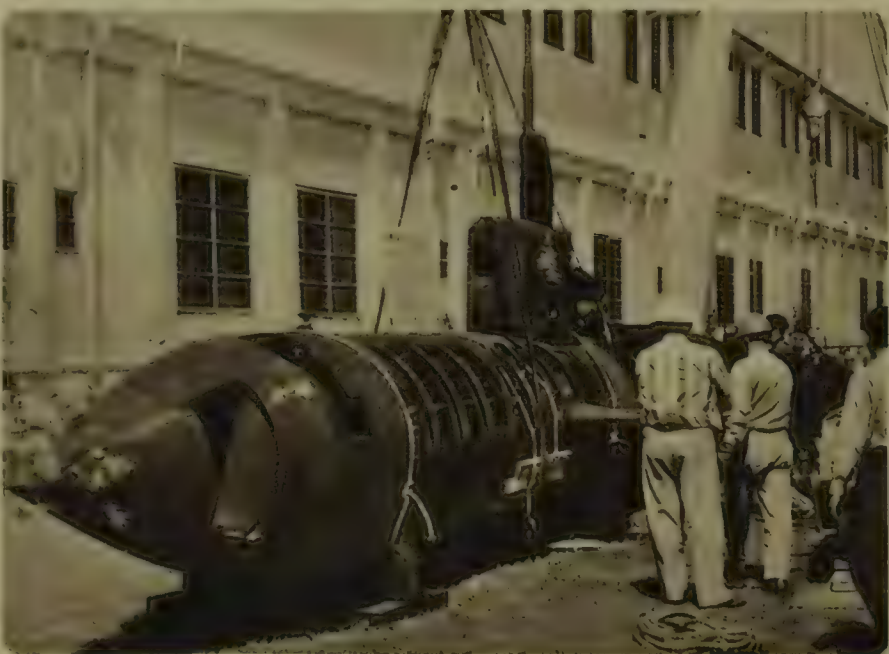
AUSTRALIA. CAUGHT OFF BOTANY BAY AFTER A FIVE-HOUR STRUGGLE: A 1305-LB. TIGER SHARK, WITH MR. SAM JAMIESON WHO LANDED IT. EXPECTED TO BE THE SEASON'S HEAVIEST SHARK, IT IS 13 FT. 7½ INS. LONG.



CHICAGO, U.S.A. AFTER TWO OVERHEAD TRAINS HAD CRASHED IN THE RUSH-HOUR: FIREMEN MAKE USE OF EXTENSION LADDERS AND A "SNORKEL" (RIGHT) TO RESCUE PASSENGERS. Over 100 people were injured when two suburban trains collided on an overhead railway track in Chicago on May 18. A number of passengers were trapped for a considerable time, until firemen were able to reach them with ladders and a device called a "snorkel."



BALTIMORE, U.S.A. LAYING OUT THE WRECKAGE OF A CAPITAL AIRLINES VISCOUNT: EXPERTS TRY TO DISCOVER WHAT CAUSED IT TO DISINTEGRATE IN MID-AIR. In an attempt to discover why a Capital Airlines Viscount exploded in the air near Baltimore on May 12, the wreckage has been laid out in an old aircraft hangar. It was flying through "high turbulence," and is thought to have been struck by lightning.

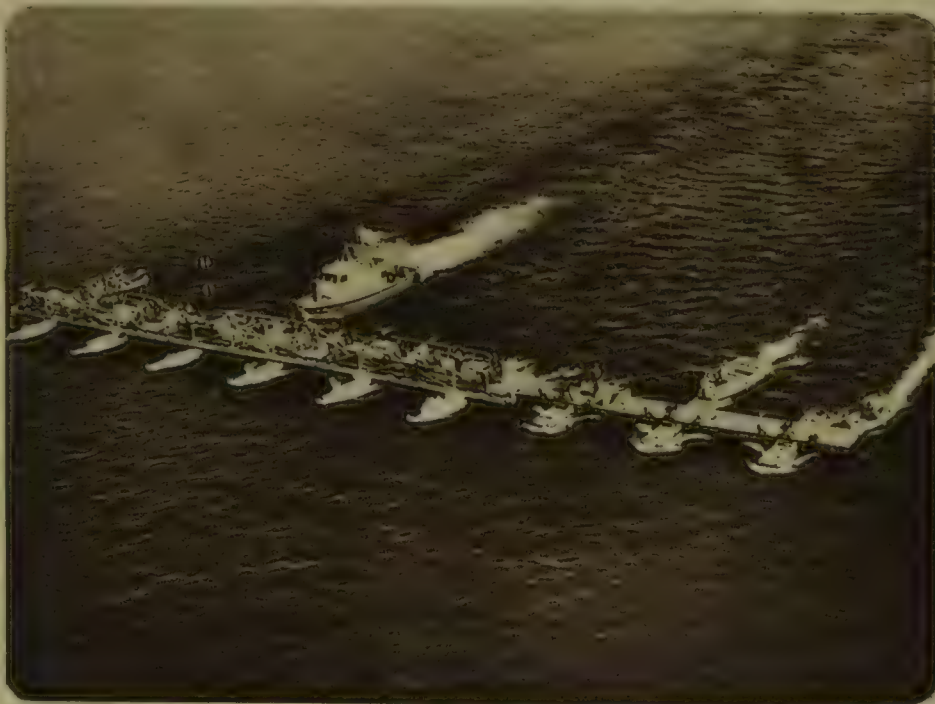


YOKOSUKA, JAPAN. A RELIC OF THE PACIFIC WAR: A CRANE ABOUT TO HAUL AWAY THE HULK OF A JAPANESE MIDGET SUBMARINE THAT ONCE ATTACKED HAWAII. "To heal old wounds," it has been decided to remove the Japanese midget submarine that has hitherto been displayed at the main gate of the U.S. naval base in Yokosuka, Japan. An officer said it "only served to keep alive the unhappy story of Pearl Harbour."



U.S.S.R. NO HANDS TO THE PLOUGH: THIS RUSSIAN CATERPILLAR TRACTOR, WHICH IS PREPARING A FIELD FOR SOWING, WORKS WITHOUT A DRIVER. A Russian machine operator has invented a field-work control device which enables a tractor to be operated without a driver. A caterpillar tractor equipped with this device is currently undergoing trials at one of the large state farms.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY. NOT A BRIDGE SECTION BEING MOVED INTO PLACE—BUT A 180-FT.-LONG SWEEP FLOAT USED TO KEEP A CHECK ON THE SEAWAY BOTTOM. This structure, which is propelled broadside-on by small craft, trails below water sections of steel shafting. From the vibrations of these it is possible to build up a continuous picture of the contours of the deep-water channel of the Seaway.



OHIO, U.S.A. A PILLOW FOR A GIANT: A HUGE 50,000-GALLON PILLOW TANK, MADE BY THE GOODYEAR TIRE AND RUBBER CO., FOR THE STORAGE OF LIQUIDS. IT IS, OF COURSE, COLLAPSIBLE WHEN NOT IN USE.



TOKYO, JAPAN. AT THE INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR ON MAY 12: THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN AND AN OFFICIAL EXPLAINING TO THE EMPEROR HIROHITO THE WORKING OF REMOTE-CONTROL HANDLING GEAR FOR RADIOACTIVE MATERIALS.



FLORIDA, U.S.A. AND NOW, BABY-SITTING BY REMOTE CONTROL: A NURSE AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF A MOTEL, WITH TELEVISION SCREENS LINKED WITH VARIOUS ROOMS, CAN "MIND" A NUMBER OF SLEEPING BABIES.



WASHINGTON, U.S.A. RIDING AN INCH OR SO OFF THE GROUND: A PROTOTYPE SKIMMER, A NEW GROUND CUSHION VEHICLE BEING TESTED AT A U.S. NAVY BASIN.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE PROTOTYPE SKIMMER, WHICH HAS BEEN TIPPED ON ITS SIDE TO SHOW THE AIR VENTS UNDERNEATH.

At its model basin in Washington the U.S. Navy is testing the *Skimmer*, a new type of vehicle supported by a "cushion" of air. It is hoped to develop the craft to the size of the envisaged *Hovercraft* illustrated in this issue on pages 934-935.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



ITALY. BY THE NOBLE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE: THE KING AND QUEEN OF GREECE ON THEIR STATE VISIT. King Paul of the Hellenes and Queen Frederika arrived in Rome on May 19 during their State visit to Italy, and were met by President Gronchi. Later they were received by the Pope in the Vatican. The last time a King of Greece visited the Vatican was in 1439.



CALIFORNIA, U.S.A. DURING HIS VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES, KING BAUDOUIN OF BELGIUM WAS CONDUCTED BY MR. WALT DISNEY ROUND THE AMUSEMENT PARK IN DISNEYLAND, ANAHEIM. As a souvenir of the visit, Mr. Walt Disney and his wife presented King Baudouin with the memento seen in this picture. King Baudouin had previously met many film stars at a party in Hollywood.



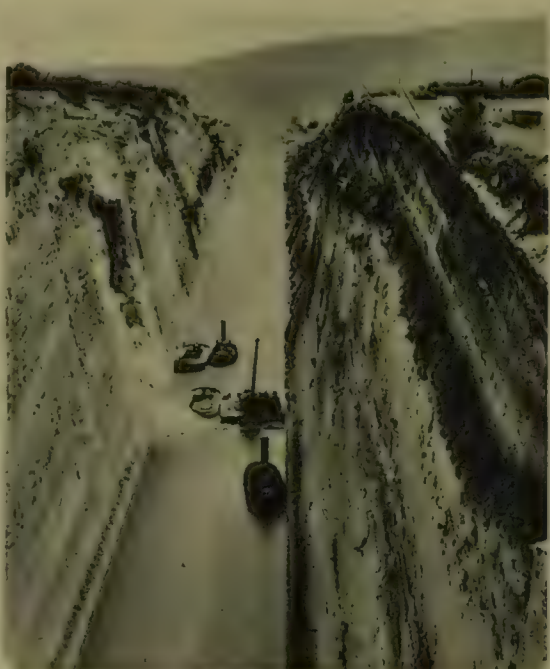
ITALY. ON ITS WAY BACK TO ROME FROM ST. MARK'S: THE BODY OF POPE PIUS X. After lying in St. Mark's, Venice, for nearly a month so that Venetians could venerate their former patriarch, the body of Pope Pius X, canonised in the reign of Pius XII, was ceremonially taken by boat to the railway station on May 10 for its return to Rome.



PORTUGAL. TOWERING OVER THE CROWDS AT ITS INAUGURATION, THE STATUE OF CHRIST THE KING. This giant statue was built as a thanksgiving for Portugal's escape from the last war, opposite Lisbon, on the banks of the Tagus. On May 17 it was unveiled by the Cardinal Patriarch of Lisbon. The statue is 91 ft. high and stands on a 266-ft. pedestal.



NEW JERSEY, U.S.A. THE WRECKAGE OF A U.S. NAVY "BLIMP" ON THE ROOF OF THE LAKEHURST HANGAR. On May 14, while making an instrument landing during fog, this U.S. Navy "blimp" plunged into the hangar roof. One officer was killed and all seventeen of the crew were injured. Lakehurst was the scene of the *Hindenburg* disaster in 1937, when thirty-six people were killed.



GREECE. PARTIALLY BLOCKED BY A LANDSLIDE: THE FAMOUS CORINTH CANAL, FOUR MILES IN LENGTH. The Peloponnese recently threatened to become part of the Greek mainland for the first time in sixty-six years, when the Corinth Canal was partially blocked by a landslide. Until the completion of clearing operations, all ships had to voyage round the Peloponnese.



THE NETHERLANDS. BEFORE THE SAILING OF THE DUTCH HERRING FLEETS ON MAY 19: PARADES AND FESTIVITIES BESIDE THE BOATS ARE ALWAYS A FEATURE OF THIS ANNUAL OCCASION; AND THERE IS KEEN COMPETITION FOR THE FIRST CATCH BROUGHT BACK.



AMSTERDAM. THE SHAH OF PERSIA, ACCOMPANIED BY QUEEN JULIANA AND PRINCE BERNHARD, INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR AT THE PALACE. On May 21 the Shah of Persia arrived in Amsterdam for a three-day State visit to the Netherlands. He had travelled from Aarhus, Denmark, in the Dutch cruiser *De Ruyter*. His programme included a visit to a farm in Friesland.

A TRAGIC HOUSEHOLD.

"ANNE BRONTE." A BIOGRAPHY By WINIFRED GERIN.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

THE story of the Brontë family has always seemed to me to bring under the microscope the more unattractive features of English life in the first half of the nineteenth century, that is to say, a disregard for even the most elementary precautions where health was concerned, which in this instance led directly to the deaths of two members of the family, and to the continued sickness of the others; the low standard of female education; and a snobbery which has no equal in any other period of the nation's history. These considerations formed the background both of the three sisters' lives and of their books, and Miss Gérin has made full allowance for them in her present work.

Her avowed intention is to rehabilitate Anne Brontë, and to show that she was considerably more than a pale imitation of Charlotte and Emily: she reminds us that "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall" was at one time more popular than "Wuthering Heights," and she quotes with approval George Moore's remark that Anne has been left in the kitchen "as a sort of literary Cinderella, while criticism has raised up thrones for Charlotte and Emily" all too long. The result is a work at once scholarly and readable, and it should be the definitive biography of Anne. The author does not advance any new or startling theories, though she is of the opinion that the villain of the piece where the early lives of the sisters were concerned was not so much their father as their aunt, Miss Branwell; for the rest, she is content to let the story of Anne's life unfold itself, and very effective her method proves.

This biography confirms me in my belief that the dominant influence in Anne's life was her experience as a governess which gave her the inspiration for the writing of "Agnes Grey." The governess was to no small extent a product of the Industrial Revolution, when it became the respectable thing for middle-class households, as well as for the aristocracy, to have one, and in the Victorian age she became a firmly established institution. Her importance is proved both by the census figures and by her frequent appearance as a heroine or in some other capacity in works of fiction. In the census of 1851, two years after Anne's death, 21,000 women appeared as governesses, and the field of their employment was rapidly spreading. All the same, they were not rated high. Readers of George Eliot will remember that the friends of Janet, in "Scenes of Clerical Life," excused her marriage to a drunken scoundrel on the ground that she "had nothing to look to but being a governess." So low, indeed, was their standing in the world at large that a circulating library in a London suburb had a rule to the effect that no person engaged in education should be admitted as a subscriber. Servants were generally insolent towards them, and the lady's maid in particular considered herself superior. For example, Mrs. Blenkinsop, in "Vanity Fair," expressed the views of the average servants' hall when she said, "I don't trust them governesses, Pinner. They give themselves the hairs and hupstarts of ladies, and their wages is no better than you nor me."

Of this state of affairs "Agnes Grey" is a faithful record. The Brontë sisters received training typical of that of many girls of their profession. After some preliminary study at home they went to Cowan's Bridge School, an institution for the daughters of gentlemen, where they studied history, geography, the use of globes, grammar, writing, arithmetic, needlework, and housework such as getting up fine linen and ironing. Charlotte, in addition to the one year

she spent there, had two years at Miss Wooler's school at Roe Head, where she made up her deficiencies in geography and grammar. All the sisters knew French well enough to read it fluently, but not how to teach it, while Emily and Anne had some musical training in addition. Jane Eyre's education was an exact duplicate of her creator's, and, we may be sure, of Anne's unhappy experiences. The life of a governess was one of general loneliness, for she was banished to remote rooms at the top of the house, shared too often with the children, and she ate her meals in the schoolroom alone, or, worse still, with children as tormenting as the pupil of Agnes Grey, who had to let her food grow cold if they were in the middle of a game. Agnes had to ride to church with her back to the horses, although it made her ill, and when she was out walking with her pupils

they ordered her to keep a few steps behind them, so that they could talk without the restraint of her presence. So much for the life of Anne Brontë as depicted in

"Agnes Grey." It was little wonder that Lord John Russell's daughter-in-law noted of the book in her diary that she would read it through again "when I have a governess to remind me to be human."

Whatever may have been the case in the past Anne Brontë's other novel, "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall," is now almost forgotten, but Miss Gérin is fully justified in her statement that the two works are

unfolds itself, are made to bear directly on the development of the plot. Furthermore they are not types, still less are they, in the Morality Play sense, personifications of the vices. They are individuals, extremely vital individuals, leading depraved lives, speaking a language strong and terse that is as personal to each as it is admirably rendered by the author. They move before us in a succession of scenes that ring as with the very echo of their hollow lives.

It is the reverse of the medal shown by Whyte-Melville.

Once more Anne had drawn upon her experiences as a governess, though with some thought, too, of her drunken and generally undesirable brother, Branwell. Her first employer, one Joshua Ingham, had in particular provided her with a good deal of material. He was a Yorkshireman of the West Riding, with little use for intellectual and artistic acquirements, a sportsman before all else, inconsiderate to women and subordinates, uncontrolled in temper, yet theoretically he was a "gentleman" according to contemporary standards. In this second book Anne shows herself in advance of her time, for the outlook with which she endows Helen Huntingdon is rather that of the twentieth century than of the nineteenth, for she resolved "to keep herself not by any of the accepted means of employment open to women of birth and education such as housekeeper,

companion, governess, but as a painter selling her canvasses to dealers."

The remuneration received by Anne for her work is not uninteresting. By her contract for "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall" she had £25 on the day of publication and the same amount on the sale of the first 250 copies; it was a full-length three-volume novel, and was sold at the then usual price of £1 11s. 6d. the set. Within a month of publication a second edition was in preparation. These were very different terms from those on which "Agnes Grey" had been published, for then Anne had to subsidise the book to the extent of £50 for an edition of 350 copies. The difference was the measure of the growth of her reputation as a novelist in the interval.

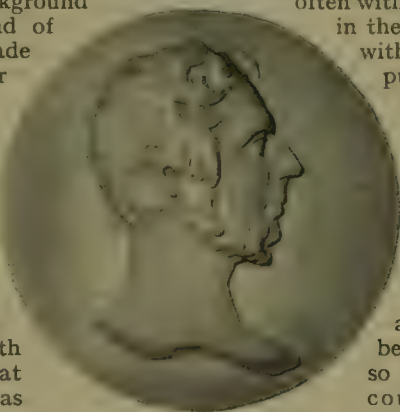
The success however was not by any means due to a consensus of praise from the critics. Opinions were sharply divided into attacks on the book's "coarseness," "brutality," and "morbid revelling in scenes of debauchery" on the one hand, and praise for its thrilling excitement and startling incident on the other. The very fact that the book presented a challenge to convention ensured it a *succès de scandale*. It was daring in subject, bold in execution, exciting in incident; in short, a boon to circulating libraries, on whose support the success or failure of any novel depended.

Neither success nor failure, however, was to mean anything to the author much longer, for in less than a year Anne Brontë was dead, of consumption, at the age of twenty-nine, with the words, "Take courage, Charlotte, take courage," on her dying lips, a victim to the early Victorian indifference in matters of hygiene.

* "Anne Brontë." A biography by Winifred Gérin. Illustrated. (Thomas Nelson and Sons; £1 10s.)



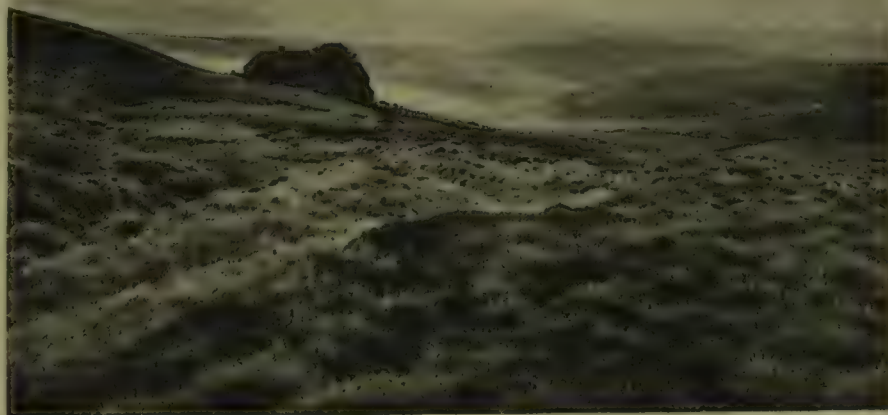
THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MISS WINIFRED GERIN. Miss Winifred Gérin, poet, playwright and biographer, has always taken a deep interest in the Brontë sisters, and has spent some years in research, both into unexplored facets of their story, and into records and antiquities of the Brontë district of England. She has had several plays performed, and worked for the Foreign Office during the Second World War.



BRANWELL, THE DISSOLUTE BROTHER OF THE BRONTË SISTERS: A BAS-RELIEF BY J. B. LEYLAND. WINIFRED GERIN'S BIOGRAPHY OF ANNE BRONTË IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.



INSEPARABLE COMPANIONS, ANNE AND EMILY BRONTË: A DETAIL FROM THE PORTRAIT OF TWO OF THE BRONTË SISTERS BY THEIR BROTHER BRANWELL, NOW IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.



"TOP-WITHENS," THE SITE OF EMILY BRONTË'S FAMOUS WUTHERING HEIGHTS. CHARLOTTE BRONTË WROTE OF THE PLACE, "... THE DISTANT PROSPECTS WERE ANNE'S DELIGHT." These illustrations from the book "Anne Brontë" are reproduced by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Thomas Nelson and Sons.

as different as books "by one and the same author can be, yet unmistakably they are from the same pen: an uncompromising honesty invests both tales." She continues:

"Wildfell Hall" is not merely the study of a debauchee; it is the representation of a debauched society. Arthur Huntingdon is no worse in degree, though he may be in kind, than the other male characters in the book: Hattersley, Grimsby, Hargrave and Lord Lowborough. They have all shared a mutual past of dissipation which has made of Huntingdon what he is, and their several rôles, as the story

SARDIS, CAPITAL OF THE LYDIAN CRÆSUS: NEW EXCAVATIONS IN LYDIAN, ROMAN AND BYZANTINE LEVELS.

By **GEORGE M. A. HANFMANN**, *Harvard University, Field Director*, and **A. HENRY DETWEILER**, *Cornell University, Associate Director*.

(The Turkish Department of Antiquities was represented by Bay Kemal Ziya Polatkan, Director of the Manisa Museum, and by Dr. Baki Oğün, of the University of Ankara.)

WHEN at some time before the middle 18th century Robert Wood, of Palmyra fame, came to Sardis, the ancient capital of Lydia (Fig. 1), he saw towering above the ground the tops of two great columns of the Temple of Artemis and promptly cleared one of them. His own account of this visit is as yet unpublished, but he was only one of a long series of travellers which began in the 15th century with the pioneer of Greek epigraphy, Cyriacus of Ancona, and continued with such eminent names as J. B. Tavernier, Thomas Smith, Charles de Personnel, Dr. Richard

ruins and to make soundings in a quest for the location of the Lydian city. Dramatically, we appear to have succeeded in the latter object during the very last week of the campaign, for within the foundations of a rich Roman-Early Christian residence, the so-called "House of Bronzes" (Fig. 3), there came to light evidence for what we believe to be a Lydian potter's shop. This "Lydian Shop" (LS) consisted of an ash-strewn floor on which were lying, crowded in little "nests," some thirty vases. A wall of river stones crossed the area, and in the south-west corner there appeared a channel leading to a circular structure, likewise of river stones, which may have been domed with mud-brick (Fig. 9). This we consider either a kiln or an oven. In any case, vases were being repaired here: several vessels displayed the characteristic drilled holes which received lead clamps to hold together the broken parts. A large and colourful example of Lydian craftsmanship may be seen in Fig. 7. The neck of a type of "wave-line *hydria*" (water jug), of which nearly a dozen were found, is seen in Fig. 4. An imported Greek sherd from Rhodes makes it certain that the workshop flourished and then abruptly stopped around 600 B.C.



FIG. 2. THE TEMPLE OF ARTEMIS AT SARDIS, ONE OF THE LARGEST IONIC TEMPLES KNOWN, WHICH WAS EXCAVATED BY THE FIRST SARDIS EXPEDITION (1910-1914). The tops of two of the columns were seen by Robert Wood in the mid-18th century. In the background are the ragged cliffs of the Acropolis of Sardis. In the foreground is a trench, to the south of the temple, showing the strata of the torrent bed; and, in it, a pit dug down into the hard-pan.

Chandler, C. R. Cockerell and George Dennis, who wrote the classic "Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria." The last tried his luck at the great Royal Cemetery of Bin Tepe, the mounds of which still form such a striking feature of the landscape at Sardis.

It was, however, an American expedition led by Professor Howard Crosby Butler, of Princeton University, that made the first serious attempt to excavate at the site of the capital of Cræsus. In five campaigns which took place before the First World War (1910-1914), Butler freed the colossal Temple of Artemis (Fig. 2), one of the largest Ionic temples known, and opened some 1100 Lydian graves, most of them cut into the steep hills on the left (western) bank of the Pactolus torrent. Important discoveries of Lydian funerary inscriptions and of Achæmenid gold were made, the latter bringing to mind that Sardis had been very nearly a western capital of the Persian Empire, from the time of its capture by Cyrus (546 B.C.) until it capitulated to Alexander the Great (334 B.C.). What had eluded Butler and his colleague, Professor T. L. Shear, who excavated at Sardis in 1922, was the city of the Lydian period, the time of the famous dynasty of the Mermnads, under whom Lydia had suddenly risen to spectacular wealth and power. Objects of that era, the 7th and the 6th centuries B.C., came to light, to be sure, in the Lydian graves; and north-east of the Temple of Artemis a torrent bed yielded some early Lydian sherds. But as matters hitherto stood, nothing could be safely surmised of the location of the Lydian city, and an area of some six square miles along the northern side of the large plain of the River Hermus and within the narrow side-valley of the torrent Pactolus might conceal anywhere the traces of the archaic city.

During the summer of 1958, a joint expedition of the Fogg Art Museum of Harvard University, and Cornell University, renewed the excavation of Sardis under the auspices of the American Schools of Oriental Research and with the support of the Bollingen Foundation of New York. While our general aim is the study of the history of Sardis from prehistoric times to the Early Islamic era, we sought in the first campaign to initiate the recording of the large Roman and Byzantine

We uncovered ten units of the House of Bronzes (Figs. 3 and 10). Two areas on the basement level yielded important bronzes of the transition period from Roman to Early Christian art: two samovar-like heating vessels (*caldaria*), two flagons, a large cauldron (Fig. 8), and two censers and an "embers shovel" clearly of liturgical use (Fig. 5). Oddly enough, a somewhat mutilated statue of Bacchus (Fig. 6) was also found here. The house had perished in a violent conflagration perhaps in the anti-Christian movement of the time of Julian the Apostate.

Across the highway from the House of Bronzes we are excavating the mighty ruin of "Building B," some 120 metres long, with two apsidal halls and a central unit aligned on a north-south axis; the final form of the main structure has not yet been determined. We have partially cleared the south end and eastern wall of the debris of collapsed vaults and domes. The construction features the well-cut masonry piers, brick arches and walls of brick and rubble in horizontal courses (Figs. 11 and 12); the whole interior was once richly reveted with marble slabs. In the centre of a semi-circular platform following the course of the southern apse, there came to light an inscribed base (Fig. 13) for a statue of the Emperor Lucius Verus (161-169 A.D.). The beautifully-cut inscription (Fig. 14) discloses that the dedicant, Claudius Antonius Lepidus, Chief Priest of Asia, "from the beginning took care of the administration of the gymnasium," and gives reason to believe that "Building B" may be part of a Roman gymnasium complex, rivalling in splendour the great buildings of imperial Rome. On a marble pilaster capital (Fig. 15), a Roman sculptor



FIG. 1. A SKETCH MAP TO SHOW THE LOCATION OF SARDIS, ON THE RIVER HERMUS, IN CENTRAL ASIA MINOR.

of the 2nd century A.D. has glorified an Anatolian goddess of vegetation whose archaic image is found on Sardian coins as well. From early mediæval times, lime kilns were established within the building; the pottery illustrated by the fragment (Fig. 17) seems to be associated with some of the ash layers left by the lime kilns. Near "Building B" a fine Hellenistic terra-cotta head (Fig. 16) came to light.

Against the southern façade of "B" is a row of Byzantine shops, of which we excavated two completely and one in part (Fig. 23). They yielded large amounts of charcoal, animal bones, shells, glass tableware and window glass, and some 300 bronze coins, the latest from the rule of Heraklios (A.D. 610-641). The "Asiatic" ampulla (Fig. 20) which served as a container for holy water or for oil came also from the Byzantine shops.

At the eastern boundary of the Roman-Byzantine city, a mile up the Hermus Plain from "Building B," we explored a large ruin of limestone masonry called "CG," Butler having conjectured it might be the City Gate for the Royal Road of the Persian Kings, which entered the city from the east. As we dug down along the face of the eastern of the two parallel structures still visible above ground, one large arch after another emerged. Moving fallen blocks, some of which weighed over two tons, we exposed an



FIG. 3. THE MOST REWARDING PART OF THE EXCAVATIONS: IN THE FOREGROUND, AT A LOWER LEVEL, THE "LYDIAN SHOP"; BEHIND, ON THE RIGHT, THE MUCH LATER "HOUSE OF BRONZES"; WITH, LEFT THE BASEMENT THEREOF.

In the basement are units 7 and 8 with a vat and a marble stand which contained sulphur; in the centre, where a storage jar can be seen, the Early Christian bronzes were found; and on the right are units at a higher level.

oblong of masonry ca. 30 by 9 metres, with a main arch (Fig. 19) which passes through the structure from east to west, and semi-circular and rectangular recesses on east and west façades roofed by half-domes and barrel vaults. Thirty feet down (counting from the top of the structure) we came upon a lower storey still awaiting our excavation, and at the close of the campaign we found at the north end a hemicycle about 10 metres in diameter (Fig. 18). The general appearance of the complex "CG" suggests a nymphaeum rather than a city gate.

[Continued opposite.]

FROM A BACCHUS STATUE TO AN "EMBERS SHOVEL": REMAINS LYDIAN, ROMAN, CHRISTIAN—FROM SARDIS.

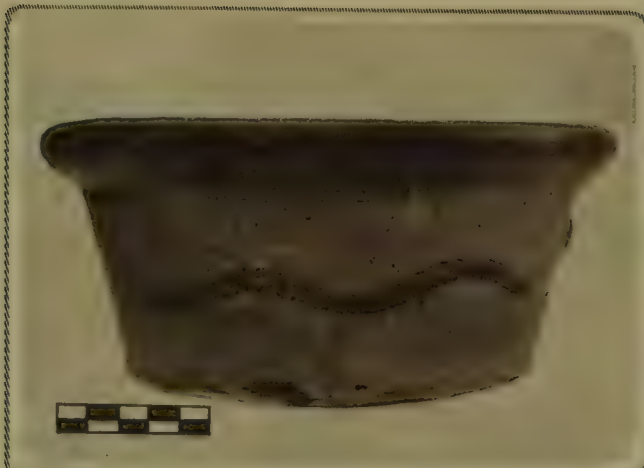


FIG. 4. THE NECK OF A WAVE-LINE HYDRIA FOUND IN THE "LYDIAN SHOP," WHERE POTTERY WAS PERHAPS MADE AND BROKEN VESSELS MENDED BY DRILLING AND LEAD CLAMPS.



FIG. 5. AN "EMBERS SHOVEL," PRESUMABLY OF LITURGICAL USE, FOUND IN THE "HOUSE OF BRONZES" (4TH-5TH CENTURY A.D.). THE DECORATION INCLUDES A CROSS AND TWO DOLPHINS.



FIG. 6. THIS SMALL STONE STATUE OF BACCHUS COMES FROM THE BASEMENT OF THE "HOUSE OF BRONZES." THOUGH MUTILATED, IT IS A SURPRISING OBJECT TO BE FOUND STILL STANDING IN A CHRISTIAN HOUSE.



FIG. 7. A VERY LARGE "BICHROME" LYDIAN VASE OF c. 600 B.C.—FROM THE "LYDIAN SHOP." GEOMETRIC DESIGNS ARE COMBINED WITH FLORAL ORIENTALISING MOTIFS (ON THE SHOULDER).



FIG. 8. A LARGE AND WORKMANLIKE BRONZE BRAZIER, WITH TWO HANDLES, FOUND IN THE "HOUSE OF BRONZES." ITS DIAMETER IS 18 1/2 INS. (47 CM.).



FIG. 9. IN THE "LYDIAN SHOP": THE REMAINS OF A CIRCULAR KILN (OR PERHAPS OVEN). AT THE UPPER RIGHT ARE REMAINS OF A ROMAN FOUNDATION WALL OF STONE.



FIG. 10. ROOM 1 (THE BASEMENT) OF THE "HOUSE OF BRONZES," SHOWING A PITHOS, A LARGE PLATE, A BRONZE WINE FLAGON (AGAINST THE BACK WALL) AND A POTTERY BOWL (RIGHT).

Continued.] We undertook three soundings in the side valley of the Pactolus near the Artemis Temple ("S," "L," "KG"). The first trench, "S" (Fig. 2), revealed below the mixed-surface level a river bed with two major strata and hard-pan beneath. Sherds found in the river bed ranged from Geometric through the 6th century B.C. A Lydian *graffito* (Fig. 22) and a terracotta die (Fig. 21) were the most notable finds. The second trench, on the terrace above and to the south of the first, was expanded into an excavation of a Roman structure of which three rooms had been partly

cleared by Butler (Fig. 24). This building "L" had at least eight rooms arranged in two parallel rows. Soundings in depth revealed a level of ashes and sherds which seems to begin in the 5th century B.C. Underneath, there was again a torrent bed and hard-pan. The third sounding, "KG," on a flat-topped hill north-east of the Artemis precinct was a stepped trench. A dozen Late Roman graves were found; the soil underneath was barren of man-made remains. The expedition is being resumed this summer, under the same direction. (Further illustrations on pages 926-927.)



FIG. 11. THE EAST SIDE OF THE HUGE 130-YARD-LONG "BUILDING B," WHICH MAY BE PART OF A ROMAN GYMNASIUM COMPLEX—AFTER THE FIRST FOUR BAYS WERE CLEARED.



FIG. 12. THE INTERIOR OF THE SOUTH HALL OF "BUILDING B," WITH THE TOPS OF TWO ARCHES JUST EMERGING. IN THE FOREGROUND, REMAINS OF MODERN (1922) STABLES.



FIG. 13. THE INTERIOR OF THE SOUTH APSE OF "BUILDING B," SHOWING IN FRONT OF THE SEMI-CIRCULAR WINDOW THE BASE FOR THE STATUE OF THE EMPEROR, LUCIUS VERUS, STANDING ON A PLATFORM WHICH FOLLOWS THE SHAPE OF THE APSE.

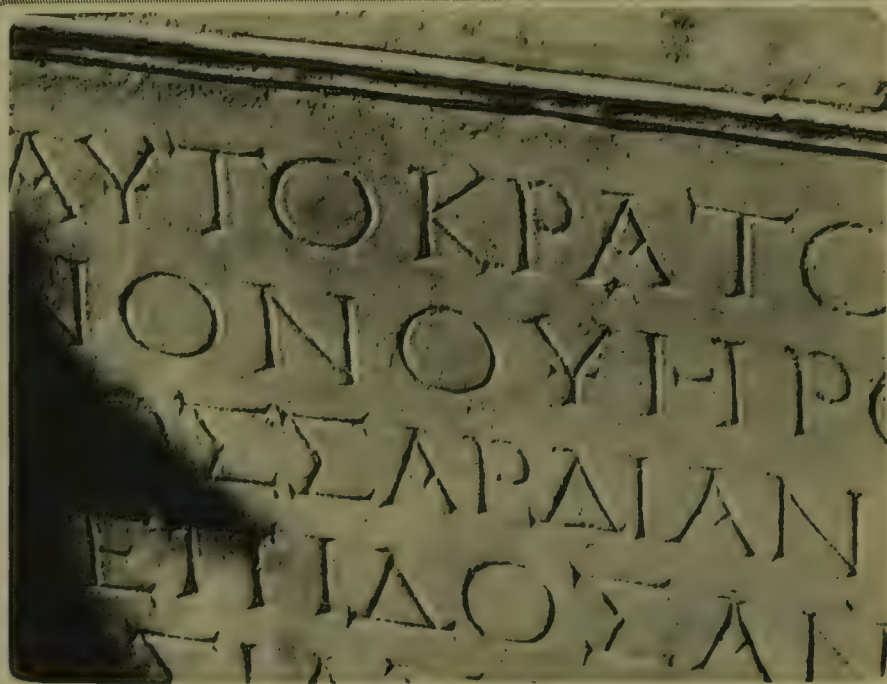


FIG. 14. PART OF THE GREEK INSCRIPTION FROM THE STATUE BASE. AMONG WORDS VISIBLE ARE "AUTOKRATORA" (EMPEROR), "OUERON" (VERUS) AND "SARDIANON" (OF THE SARDIANS), AND "LEPIDOS" (THE DEDICANT).



FIG. 15. A ROMAN PILASTER CAPITAL FROM "BUILDING B," IN WHICH THE FIGURE OF A VEILED ANATOLIAN GODDESS, IN ARCHAIC STYLE, IS INCORPORATED.



FIG. 16. A TERRA-COTTA HEAD OF A BARBARIAN, PAINTED TO SHOW BLOND HAIR AND A PINK CAP. HELLENISTIC.

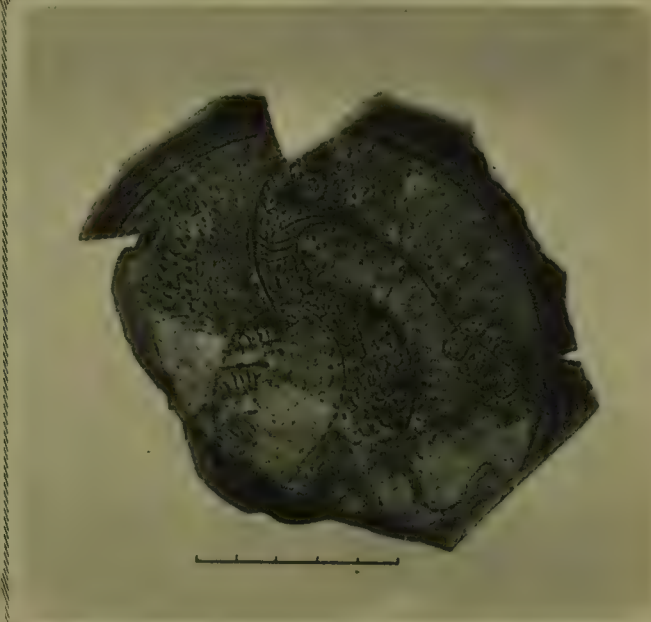


FIG. 17. A FRAGMENT OF GLAZED GREEN SGRAFFIATO WARE, BYZANTINE, SHOWING A RATHER COMIC BIRD HOLDING A BRANCH.

On pages 924 and 925 Professors Hanfmann and Detweiler describe the first season's work of an expedition mounted jointly by the Fogg Art Museum of Harvard University and Cornell University to resume the excavations at Sardis which were conducted by Professor Butler, of Princeton, before the First World War. Sardis is, of course, famous as the capital of Croesus, King of the Lydians, that fabulously rich monarch who is, so to speak, the

leading character in the opening pages of "The Histories" of Herodotus; and it is, naturally, Lydian Sardis that the archaeologists would especially like to discover. It is, however, a very large site, covered in different parts by very large constructions of Roman and Byzantine work, much of which is of great interest and importance. However, the expedition can be accounted especially fortunate inasmuch as in the last week of the [Continued opposite.

A 2500-YEAR-OLD GAMING DIE: LYDIAN AND BYZANTINE DISCOVERIES IN SARDIS.



FIG. 18. A HEMICYCLE OF MASONRY DISCOVERED NEAR THE END OF THE SEASON WHICH GOES DOWN A LONG WAY AND SEEMS TO HAVE WINDOWS. PERHAPS PART OF A NYMPHÆUM.



FIG. 19. PART OF THE MAIN ARCH IN "BUILDING CG," THE LOWER PART BLOCKED WITH BYZANTINE BRICK. PART OF THE SAME COMPLEX AS FIG. 18 AND PREVIOUSLY THOUGHT TO BE A GATEWAY.



FIG. 20. AN ASIATIC AMPULLA OF TERRA-COTTA, WITH THE SAME DECORATION OF CROSS AND CIRCLES AS THE EMBERS SHOVEL (FIG. 5).



FIG. 21. A TERRA-COTTA DIE, FROM THE TRENCH NEAR THE TEMPLE (FIG. 2). HERODOTUS SAYS THE LYDIANS INVENTED DICE.



FIG. 22. A FRAGMENT OF A LOCAL BLACK-GLAZED POT OF THE 6TH TO 5TH CENTURY B.C. BEARING A SCRATCHED INSCRIPTION IN THE LYDIAN SCRIPT. FROM THE SAME SITE AS FIG. 21.



FIG. 23. EXCAVATING THE "BYZANTINE SHOP." UNDER THE FLOOR WAS FOUND A BROKEN STATUE OF ATTIS, LOVER OF CYBELE. TOP, THE STATUE BASE OF FIG. 13.



FIG. 24. IN AREA L, NEAR THE ARTEMIS TEMPLE (FIG. 2), WHERE EXCAVATIONS WERE TAKEN BELOW THE ROMAN LEVELS WHICH BUTLER HAD SOUNDED IN 1910-1914.

Continued.] campaign—that curiously lucky time in most excavations—they came upon a Lydian potter's shop; and so can be reasonably assured that they have hit upon a commercial quarter and a Lydian level. Apart from the objects discovered there, three interesting discoveries of objects were made which reflect facets of the Lydian era: a Roman mason's portrayal of that Anatolian goddess (Fig. 15), who in many forms can be found

behind the somewhat respectable façade of classical religion; a battered statue of Attis (Fig. 23), the lover of one manifestation of that goddess, Cybele; and a terra-cotta die (Fig. 21). Herodotus maintains that the Lydians invented dice and put them to an unusually good use—in eating and throwing dice on alternate days, a practice which enabled them to survive a famine of eighteen years.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



THE three pæonies in my garden which at the moment are demanding honourable mention are all "tree" pæonies. They grow in a mixed border on to write. Two of them

THREE PÆONIES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

quite fresh and glossy, have great charm in the house.

Pæonia delavayii has one ugly fault, a fault, however, that can easily be remedied. When autumn frosts set in, the plant's leaves droop and

turn black, and instead of falling as the leaves of any well-behaved deciduous shrub should fall, they hang on all through the winter, making the bush look as though it was behung with

somebody's laundry, consisting of dozens and dozens of black cotton gloves and crape funeral hat-bands. This gives the bush a sad, sordid and revolting look. The crape-crop on my bush last winter was particularly heavy, and foolishly I delayed stripping off the beastly hangings, expecting all the time that they would fall of their own accord.

which I look from where I are in full flower now, and the third should start opening its sensational blossoms at any moment. This last of the three is *Pæonia suffruticosa*, and was given to me some ten years ago, by Sir Frederick Stern. It was then no more than 4 or 5 ins. high, but I planted it out in the border at once, where it soon took hold, and has since grown into a huge spreading bush. To-day it stands slightly over 6 ft. tall, and as much through, and is carrying an immense crop of great flower buds, dozens of them. The fully-opened flowers are truly sensational, measuring a good 9 ins. across, with a flame-like crimson blotch at the base of each of the numerous white petals. Although there are more than the normal quota of petals to be found in an ordinary single-flowered pæony, *P. suffruticosa* may fairly be called a single. There are merely enough extra petals to add weight and importance to the blossoms, which have the added beauty of a great central bush of golden anthers.

The border in which this and the other two pæonies grow faces west, and is backed by a long Cotswold-stone building, which was formerly a cowshed. In this position the risk of morning sun striking buds or blossoms with late hoar-frost on them is avoided, and it is the combination of sunshine reaching flowers or foliage whilst still rimed with hoar-frost that can cause such damage.

At the near end of the border is a huge bush of *Pæonia delavayii*, which I raised from seed given to me about ten years ago. The bush stands well over 7 ft. tall and almost as much through, and is still going strong. The flowers are smallish. No more than 4 ins. or so across, but what they lack in size they make up for in numbers. They are open cup-shaped, and the colour of the petals—there are five of them—is a deep crimson, almost verging on maroon. They are most beautiful on first opening, with a central corrugated boss of rich glossy coral-red stigmas, in the centre of which are five lettuce-green, cone-shaped carpels. These somewhat sombre flowers are set in a background of extremely handsome leaves. *Pæonia delavayii* is not a plant that I would recommend for a smallish garden, in which the aim should be the best and only the best. But where there is garden-room to spare, it is a handsome and interesting shrub to have, and individual blossoms gathered for the house when quite freshly open with their waxy-red centres still



"THE FULLY-OPENED FLOWERS ARE TRULY SENSATIONAL . . . WITH A FLAME-LIKE CRIMSON BLOTCH AT THE BASE OF EACH OF THE NUMEROUS WHITE PETALS": A SINGLE FLOWER OF THE TREE PÆONY, *PÆONIA SUFFRUTICOSA*, WHICH NORMALLY REACHES 5 TO 6 FT. IN THIS COUNTRY.

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

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pleasing picture.

There are a few other pæonies in that border, four or five herbaceous species and varieties, and a couple of other tree pæony seedlings with large, single shell-pink flowers. On the whole, I think it is just as well that the superb *Pæonia suffruticosa* has delayed its flowering, to come on after the other two, *delavayii* and *ludlowii*. To have all three flowering together at the same time in the border might be almost intolerably magnificent.

By the by, a marriage has been arranged between *P. delavayii* and *P. ludlowii*, though it is probable that if I get results after some six or seven years I shall find that my ambitious rush of brains to the head had been anticipated, if not by some patient hybridist, then perhaps by some industrious bee or wasp on honey bent. Gardening is like that.

"BIG BEN'S" PROGRESS—FROM OUR PAGES OF 100 YEARS AGO.



THE BELFRY AFTER BEING STRENGTHENED WITH GIRDERS TO TAKE THE ENORMOUS WEIGHT OF THE BELLS. THE WOODEN FRAMES WERE NOT STRONG ENOUGH. (From our issue of December 5, 1857.)

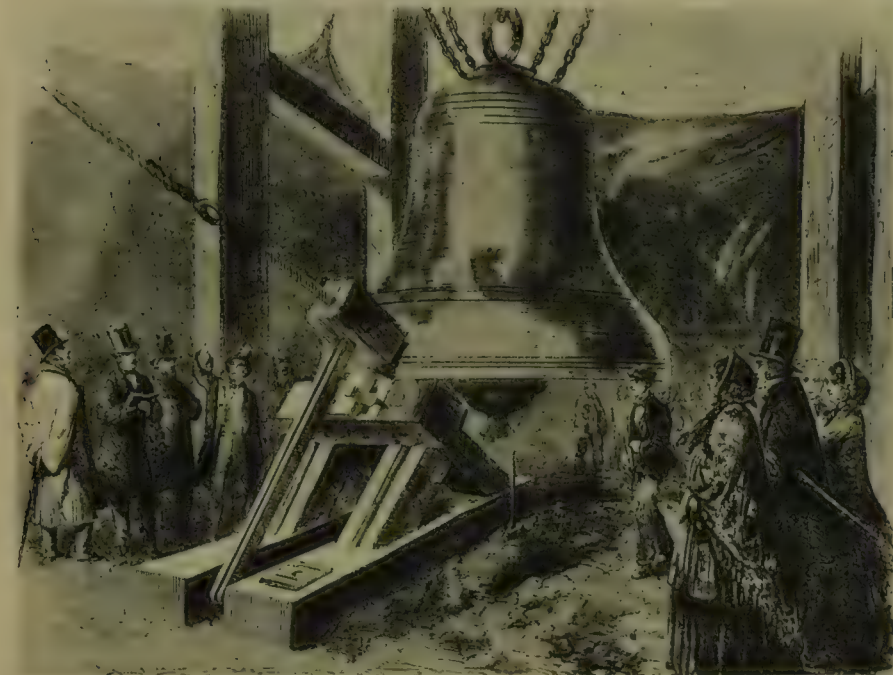


"BIG BEN" BEING HAULED BY MAN TACKLE INTO POSITION, SIDWAYS UP THE CLOCK-WEIGHT SHAFT. From our issue of October 16, 1858.

THE LONG WAY TO THE CLOCK TOWER.



MEASURES TO MEET THE 1859 CRACK: THE SQUARE HOLE WAS MADE TO CHECK ON THE DAMAGE FROM THE HEAVY HAMMER, AND THE SLOT TO PREVENT THE CRACK SPREADING.



THE FIRST "BIG BEN" UNDERGOING TESTS IN NEW PALACE YARD: UNFORTUNATELY THE MIGHTY HAMMER PROVED TOO MUCH FOR THE BELL AND IT CRACKED UNDER THE STRAIN. From our issue of December 27, 1856.



AFTER ITS FAILURE THE FIRST BELL WAS BROKEN UP ON THE SPOT BY DROPPING THE WEIGHT THAT THE WORKMEN ARE WINDING UP. THE METAL WAS RE-MELTED FOR THE PRESENT BELL. From our issue of March 6, 1858.



EVEN THE FIRST "BIG BEN" ACHIEVED IMMEDIATE POPULARITY: AS WAS SHOWN BY THE LARGE CROWDS THAT GATHERED TO WATCH THE DRAY-HORSES DRAG IT TO THE CLOCK TOWER PAST WESTMINSTER ABBEY. (From our issue of November 1, 1856.)



THE PRESENT "BIG BEN" ARRIVING OVER WESTMINSTER BRIDGE. THERE WAS A VAIN ATTEMPT TO CALL IT "VICTORIA" BUT SIR BENJAMIN HALL TRIUMPHED OVER HIS SOVEREIGN IN THE POPULAR CHOICE OF A NAME. (From our issue of June 5, 1858.)

The engravings from our issues of a hundred years ago show something of the great undertaking of both the making and the erection of "Big Ben." It took from 1855 to 1859 for the making of the bell, during which time its first version was nearly wrecked at sea on its journey from West Hartlepool and only survived to "crack into uselessness" when it was undergoing final

testing. Barry's bell frames were found to be not strong enough and lifting it was a task of appalling difficulty, but in spite of all these problems, the bell originally promised in 1844, rang out on July 11, 1859. The fuller story behind its construction is given on our double page. Here one can admire the technical difficulties overcome in this achievement of the last century.



TWO books, the one weighty in both senses of the word, the other not less erudite but in which the going is made smooth for the amateur, deserve attention. The first tells the story—and in meticulous detail—of Carolingian and Romanesque Architecture from 800 to 1200, the second, in a brief introduction and 200 plates, takes us down to King's College Chapel:

The first is yet another of the monumental series, the Pelican History of Art—I understand more than fifty are planned—and is from the pen of Professor Conant, of Harvard, whose special study for thirty years and more has been the Abbey Church at Cluny, in Burgundy. The reader, possibly a trifle intimidated by the deliberately sedate, academic style and format of the book, will find himself suddenly stimulated by the obvious pleasure the author takes in this part of his immense subject—in his description of the personality and achievements of Abbot Hugh of Semur, one of the great builders of all time, for example, and by such sentences as this, with their enthusiasm and wide geographical sweep—“The lover of Burgundy feels suddenly warm and at home in places as far from Burgundy and from one another as Beirut, Bellapais, Alcobaça, Poblet, Fountains, Linköping, Maulbronn and Fossanova, where the suave Burgundian architecture brought by the Cistercians stands, beautifully exemplified.” The very names sound like jewels, and it horrifies me to realise that I have only seen one of them with my own eyes, and, given an atlas at this moment, could only point out two.

In addition to 176 pages of plates there is a fascinating series of restoration drawings—the one of Old St. Peter's, Rome, makes me regret that New St. Peter's was ever built—and eighty plans in the text. In short, a book for the serious student of architecture, not for the dilettante, and yet—unlike so much academic writing—illuminated by the vivid phrase: “The wonderful sweep of Norwich Cathedral (1090-1145), both external and internal, is one of the most dramatic things which Romanesque architecture can offer; Durham Cathedral was hardly surpassed in its day, and has about it the air of serene finality which belongs of right to the greatest masterpieces. It represents a summit of achievement; it is one of the noblest in scale of Romanesque monuments, and one of the most beautifully set. . . . It is one of the most masculine of church designs.”

And so, from Scandinavia to Spain, from Germany to the Two Sicilies, the tale unfolds until the final sentence, which is this: “Not the least precious aspect of the Romanesque is its after-life in a multitude of Gothic buildings cherished for their variety, their warmth and their graceful conformity to regional traditions which were created by Romanesque genius.”

And so to “Gothic Europe,” translated from the German of Helmut Domke. Apart from the more popular, almost nursery form in which the book is cast, the most noticeable difference between the two is the quality of the illustrations—not merely more precise and with more depth, but more dramatic, and with many of them taken with very careful attention to problems of lighting. We are, moreover, shown, by means of judiciously inserted details, how sculpture was made to serve the grand design; and here I must quote from Herr Domke's lively and enthusiastic note: “The Gothic statue, like the Greek caryatid, is the child of the pillar. But it has a more profound, more spiritual quality which it retains even when the situation changes somewhat half a century later. By then, the figures seemed already

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

FROM ROMANESQUE TO GOTHIC: TWO BOOKS.*

permeated with movement, like John the Baptist on the West front of Chartres. The hieratic stiffness has gone. The Golden Age of Mediæval sculpture is near, it is coming in the wake of an incomparable creative enthusiasm. Chartres is studded with over a thousand figures.” And the range of style possible is seen dramatically enough in two facing pages (44 and 45), one the ascetic figure of John the Baptist from the West Portal

Portal of Bourges Cathedral and the German theatricality of the Foolish Virgins from the Marienkirche in Erfurt. This seems to me well said in the very brief introduction by Professor Gerstenberg—“Romanesque forms derive from the solid stone block. There is not much detail, the ornament of the walls and piers of the Romanesque Cathedral is still dormant, is merely indicated. The nave walls of English and French Cathedrals dissolve almost completely and even the last remaining piece of solid horizontal wall is transformed into the triforium. The intricacy of the West front of twin-towered cathedrals like York, Cologne and Rheims, is beyond description. It is as if each storey were formed by thousands of tiny separate worlds, each leading an independent existence.”

Perhaps this is one of the factors—this wealth of sculpture in places often invisible to the onlooker—which have been known to exasperate the men of to-day, who, no longer believing in angels, perceive no sense in creating beauty where only angels can see it. To appreciate the style as a whole one has to make a considerable effort of the imagination, to look at mass as well as detail, however intriguing that detail is, and to realise that, to the men who planned and built these magnificent structures, they were more than covered places in which to worship. This point is hammered home in the notes with considerable force and precision. To their makers, the cathedrals were images of the Heavenly Jerusalem, the entrance door became the Gate of Heaven—sacred personages are carved around it “guarding the sacred zone between this world, so often a scene of toil and sorrow, and the peace and splendour of another world, made manifest within. . . . Higher still, hidden to human eyes, there are figures from the New Testament and from legend, or heavenly beings. They proclaim that the Cathedral is built not only for the delight of Man, but to the Glory of God, regardless of any human beholder.”

And then, within—I'm compressing drastically—the movement that pulsates through its walls extends towards the altar as well as upwards. . . . everything grows and presses upwards. . . . Then, in the search for light, walls almost disappear, as in the Sainte Chapelle, the chapel of the kings in Paris (1243-1248), where they serve merely as a light scaffolding. Coloured glass has almost entirely replaced solid masonry.

I must again draw attention to the clever manner in which chance resemblances—or contrasts—between one building, or part of building, and another are used to stimulate the readers' imagination. It is interesting for the non-specialist to note how the early 14th-century façade of Orvieto Cathedral seems to look forward to Renaissance forms, and, in the facing photograph of the exterior of the Marienkirche (c. 1360), in Prenzlau, Northern Gothic and Southern Renaissance styles have something in common.

Indeed, I would go so far as to say that the lazy who cannot be bothered with dates or theories will find themselves intrigued by the dramatic quality of the photographs; Gravensteen Castle in Ghent facing Conway Castle in Wales, the Bruges Town Hall compared with the box-like Italian Palazzo of Volterra, the fan vaulting of Gloucester Cathedral cloisters facing the vaulting of King's College Chapel of more than a century later.



THE WEST FRONT OF LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL (13TH AND EARLY 14TH CENTURIES), WITH ITS TIERS OF STATUES: AN ILLUSTRATION FROM THE BOOK “GOTHIC EUROPE.”

Reproduced by courtesy of the Publishers, B. T. Batsford, Ltd.



COMPLETED ABOUT 1130: THE CHURCH OF STE.-FOI, CONQUES, FRANCE: AN ILLUSTRATION FROM THE BOOK “CAROLINGIAN AND ROMANESQUE ARCHITECTURE, 800-1200.”

Reproduced by courtesy of the Publishers, Penguin Books.

of Chartres (1200-1210), the other the subtle, sleek head of Joseph, carved about 1260, from Rheims.

There are many other dramatic and illuminating juxtapositions; the buttresses and flying buttresses of Chartres and the filigree delicacy of those at Amiens; and the classic French style of the figures rising from the dead from the West

* “The Pelican History of Art—Carolingian and Romanesque Architecture, 800-1200.” By Kenneth John Conant. Illustrated. (Penguin Books; £3 10s.)

* “Buildings of Europe—Gothic Europe.” Commentaries by Helmut Domke. Illustrated. (Batsford; £2 2s.)

A LOAN EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS FROM A GREAT ENGLISH HOUSE.



"THE PLAY SCENE FROM 'HAMLET,'" BY WILLIAM ORPEN (1878-1931): THE PAINTING WHICH WON THE ARTIST THE SLADE SCHOOL DIPLOMA WHEN HE WAS NINETEEN. (Oil on canvas: 68½ by 86½ ins.)



"THE PINEAPPLE PICTURE," BY HENRY DANCKERTS (1630-1678): KING CHARLES II BEING PRESENTED WITH THE FIRST ENGLISH-GROWN PINEAPPLE. (Oil on canvas: 36 by 43 ins.)



"THE MARRIAGE OF MARIA DE MEDICI," BY SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS (1577-1640): A SKETCH FOR THE GREAT CANVAS IN THE LOUVRE. (Oil on panel: 21½ by 17½ ins.)



"SKETCH FOR A LION HUNT," ALSO BY RUBENS, AND THE REVERSE OF THE PANEL SHOWN LEFT: A SKETCH FOR THE FAMOUS CANVAS IN MUNICH. (Oil on panel: 21½ by 17½ ins.)

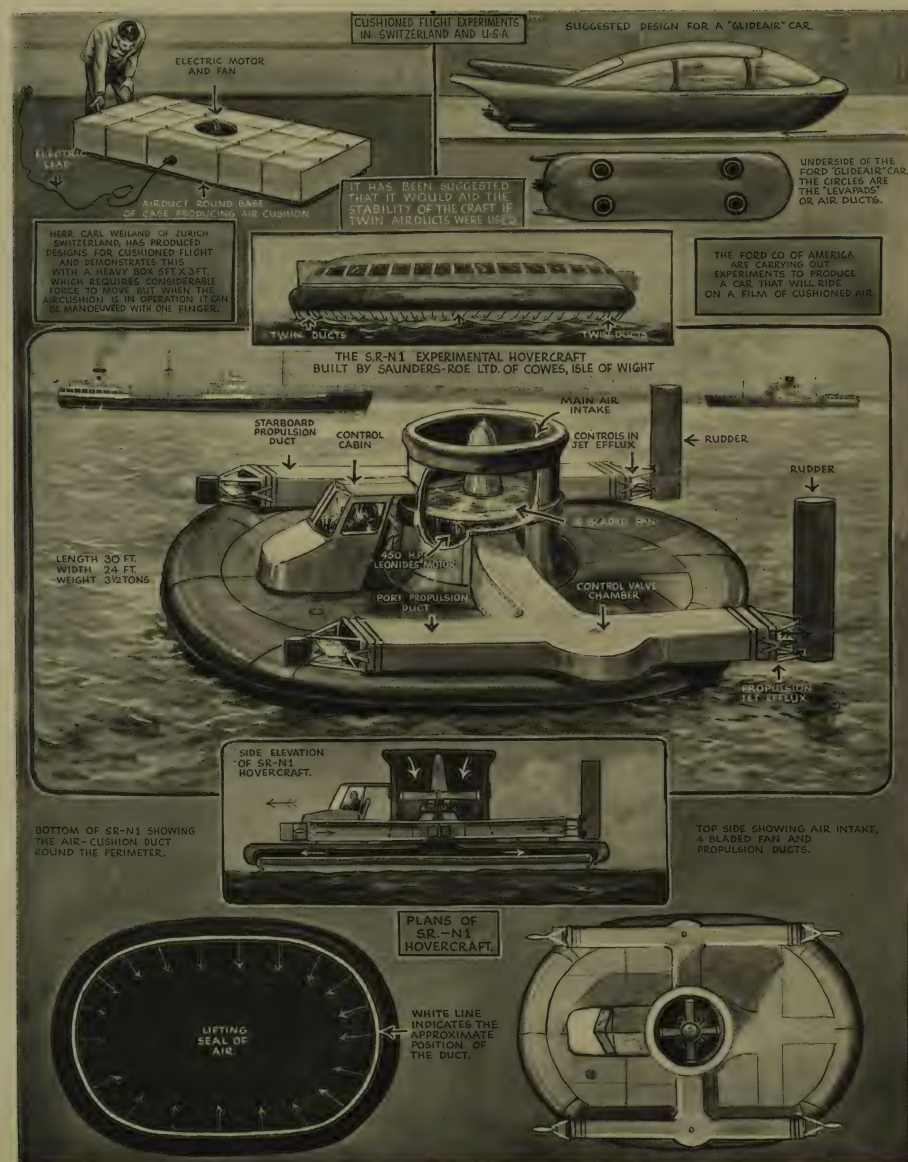


"LA LECTURE DE MOLIERE," BY JEAN-FRANCOIS DE TROY (1679-1752), SHOWING (RIGHT) A WATTEAU SCREEN KNOWN STILL TO EXIST. (Oil on canvas: 28½ by 35½ ins.)

LORD and LADY CHOLMONDELEY have kindly allowed their magnificent paintings from Houghton, Norfolk, to be placed on exhibition at Agnew's until June 6. Houghton was the home of Sir Robert Walpole, who, in between hunting, and being Britain's Prime Minister for twenty years, assembled a picture collection scarcely rivalled to this day. Sadly, most of these were sold in 1769, and now grace the Hermitage's Collection at Leningrad. Only a few family portraits remained. But Houghton became once again enriched by two further collections. In 1792 the house passed to the Cholmondeley family, whose fine collection was further enhanced by the inheritance of the paintings owned by Sir Philip Sassoon.



"PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST," BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH (1727-1788): A BRILLIANT UNFINISHED PAINTING OF 1754. (Oil on canvas: 23 by 19½ ins.)



THE INCREDIBLE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME: THE HOVERCRAFT, WHICH, SUPPORTED

A unique British saucer-shaped *Hovercraft*, supported by a vertical lift, or air "cushion," and designed to skim across the surface of land or sea at 100 m.p.h. with 1000 passengers and 100 cars on board, is envisaged for the future. The prototype *Hovercraft* is at present being constructed at the Saunders-Roe factory at Cowes, Isle of Wight. This prototype for huge craft of the future has been called the *SR-N1*, is 30 ft. long, 24 ft. wide, and is powered by an Alvis Leonides 450-h.p. engine, which drives a ducted fan to supply air for lift or propulsion. It is hoped that the first tethered trials for this craft will take place in June. The *SR-N1* will have a crew of two and

will be piloted by Mr. Peter Lamb, test pilot for Saunders-Roe. Free trials will later take place on the Solent if the preliminary ones are successful. This amazing craft—if it should be practicable—would first come into use as a cross-Channel passenger and vehicle ferry and would have the very important advantage over ships in that it could be serviced and loaded on land, therefore not needing the expensive services of harbours or ports. In addition, it could operate in the most inaccessible of regions—such as mid-desert. The principle on which the *Hovercraft* is based was discovered by Mr. C. S. Cockerell, who is head of a boat-building establishment near



ON A "CUSHION" OF AIR, IS DESIGNED TO CARRY 1000 PASSENGERS OVER LAND OR SEA.

Lowestoft and who formerly worked on airborne radio equipment with Marconi's. Mr. Cockerell began work on his device—which is now being sponsored by the National Research Development Corporation—in 1953. Experiments showed that a full-sized craft could be built, and that propulsion and horizontal control would be made possible by bleeding off air to nozzles. Although the prototype *Hovercraft* under construction at the Saunders-Roe factory will be the first of its kind to have large-scale tests, engineers in other countries have been working on similar devices for utilising an air "cushion" for land or sea craft. For example, in the United States, the Ford Company is

testing a car which would "ride" on a blast of compressed air an inch or so above the road. In Zürich, Carl Weiland, the well-known Swiss engineer, has produced plans for an aircraft-carrier and a liner which would work on the vertical lift principle. In his office he has demonstrated how a heavy and unwieldy box can be manoeuvred over the floor, with the touch of a finger, by means of a fan driven by a small, one-tenth-horse-power electric motor. This experiment was witnessed—and performed—by Our Special Artist. Weiland's principle has been considered as feasible by Prof. J. Ackeret, the famous authority on aero-dynamics. (Drawn by Our Special Artist, G. H. Davis.)



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



CRAYFISH WHICH CREEP ALONG STONES.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

POLLUTION of our rivers has crept on us like an insidious disease. It is part of the penalty we pay for an industrialised civilisation. The release of factory effluents into the water has made barren rivers where salmon once ran. Within recent years a good deal has been done, more especially by private organisations and individuals, to focus attention on the damage sustained and the problem presented by the disposal of industrial waste. In this, particular notice has been taken of the loss of the more palatable food-fishes, but a more humble victim, the freshwater crayfish, has been largely overlooked.

On the Continent crayfish are cultivated on a large scale, especially in France, in crayfish "farms." Our own species used to be eaten here and one recipe was to serve "minced fine and served cold with vinegar, cinnamon and ginger," which does not sound particularly appetising. There were various methods of catching them, but all depended on the crustacean's carnivorous habits. The favourite method was with a hoop-net, baited with a live frog or a piece of meat tied at the centre, lowered to the bed of the stream at night and raised from time to time, to take the crayfish attacking the bait with its large claws. Another method was to take them by means of cleft sticks, with a bait inserted at the cleft, the sticks being stuck in the mud at intervals of a few feet. Periodically the sticks were gently drawn from the mud, and a basket was inserted underneath because the crayfish always dropped off as they neared the surface.

Fishing for crayfish must have been less laborious than it sounds because even taking them by hand can yield a fair catch in a short time, and when using traps it was not unusual to take a barrel-full in a night. For a beast 5 ins. long at the most, this represents a considerable number. Even to-day, where they have survived, they may be found in these numbers, but over the country as a whole they have become rare. This is said to be the result of an epidemic disease caused by a protozoan parasite, but diseases tend to die down and the animals afflicted then usually regain their former numbers, unless some other factor is involved. There is good ground, therefore, for an alternative theory: that rainwater from the roads, carrying oil and tar-products into the streams and rivers, is the reason why crayfish are rare, or have disappeared entirely, in many places where they were formerly abundant.

Crayfish are said to need well-oxygenated water, but they also appear to be highly susceptible to pollution. A writer, nearly 200 years ago, spoke of "their presence [being] generally esteemed an evidence of the goodness of the water." We have found when keeping them in aquaria that they survive as well without an aerating pump provided the water in the aquarium is well-balanced with green algæ and with smaller aquatic animals. It may be, also, that the apparent susceptibility to pollution may be largely secondary: that pollution tends to kill off the smaller animals, thus depriving the crayfish of a sufficient supply of food.

Their diet is a wide one, mainly animal but with some vegetable matter. Almost anything animal that they can capture will be eaten, such as worms, tadpoles, insect larvæ and water-snails, and they will take carrion. They are said to turn to cannibalism if the food runs short. Their hunting is done mainly at night, and although a crayfish may be seen moving freely in the water by day, and especially about midday,

the normal routine is that they remain sheltered in holes in the bank or under stones during the daylight hours. In this they are helped by the modern civilised habit of throwing tin cans, bottles and other unwanted receptacles into rivers and streams. They make excellent hide-outs for

claws or pincers. Under the hind-part of the body, that part usually referred to as the tail, are several pairs of small swimming legs, or swimmerets. In addition to the long antennæ there is a pair of short antennules bearing sense-organs, probably mainly of smell. The other prominent sense-organs are the pair of stalked eyes.

How much use the eyes are to an animal living in water and mainly nocturnal is difficult to estimate. They are probably limited to distinguishing light from darkness, and perhaps also to detecting moving objects at close quarters. Smell and especially touch are, however, mainly used, and to watch a crayfish hunting brings these points out strongly. Whether moving about by day or by night, the antennæ are constantly waving about as if searching the water. The first two pairs of walking legs, those immediately following the large pincers, are also waved about, rather as we would wave our arms in feeling our way in the dark. They are also used to test the way, being used to touch the surfaces of stones as the crayfish makes its way slowly along.

The combination of smell, touch and sight can be seen in action from the feeding methods. The crayfish searches at random to begin with, but when it comes into the neighbourhood of a piece of carrion, or a slow-moving prey, it turns its body into line with it and moves towards it, the antennæ and the antennules all the time moving in a searching manner. It seems to be able to distinguish

a dead animal from the living, since carrion is seized direct by one of the large claws, whereas moving prey is taken in the pincers of one of the walking legs and then passed to the large claw. Except for very small morsels, the food is held in both of the large claws to the mouth and torn to pieces by a tugging movement between claws and mouth.

Fast-moving prey, such as a tadpole, is taken by a short run and a pounce. The contrast between the more leisurely movement with waving antennæ and legs, and the short run preceding the pounce, suggests that sight may be used at close quarters to detect anything actively moving. In the pounce, the crayfish launches its body over the victim, the walking legs forming a basket around it; and the body is, at the same time, lowered to complete the trap. If this is successful, the prey is then taken in one of the small pincers and passed to one of the large claws.

Drayton, writing in 1753, spoke of "... the crayfish here, which creeps along my stones, from all the rest alone, whose shell is all his bones." This expressed poetically that the skeleton is external, and that the animal's soft parts are enclosed within a cuirass of skin strengthened with lime-salts, or, as it is usually termed, a shell. To us, with our skeleton internal, the sense of touch operates through a surface of naked skin. The crayfish must, as it were, feel through a layer of stone, and in this it is assisted by a number of sensory bristles coating the walking legs. There is little sign of such bristles over the surface of the body, but we find them again on the large claws. These claws are flattened and the inner edges of the pincers bear rows of small rounded knobs, the better to hold something, and in between the knobs are more bristles. In spite of the hard exterior, therefore, the sense of touch in crayfish, and in lobsters, crabs, as well as insects, is probably highly-sensitive by virtue of the bristles transmitting sensations to the delicate nervous system housed within a hard shell.



SHOWING ITS RESEMBLANCE TO THE MORE FAMILIAR LOBSTER: THE FRESHWATER CRAYFISH, WHOSE ABILITY TO REPLACE LOST LIMBS IS DEMONSTRATED HERE IN THE SMALL RIGHT FRONT CLAW, WHICH WILL SOON BE THE SAME SIZE AS ITS PAIR.



WITH EGGS GLUED TO HER SMALL SWIMMING LEGS, OR SWIMMERETS: A FEMALE CRAYFISH IN BERRY. THE EGGS ARE LAID IN THE AUTUMN, AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE YOUNG TAKES PLACE WITHIN THE EGGS BEFORE THEY FINALLY HATCH IN THE SPRING.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

crayfish, although this is about the best we can say of the untidy habit.

A crayfish is very like a lobster, and it was at one time included in the same genus. Like the lobster it has long antennæ, more than half the length of the body. It has a pair of large claws in front, followed by four pairs of slender walking legs, the first two pairs of which end in small

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



LORD STANHOPE, WHO HAS BEQUEATHED HIS GREAT HOUSE, "CHEVENING," TO THE NATION. Lord Stanhope, who has given to the nation the Chevening Estate, near Sevenoaks, Kent, is seen here in the dining-room beside a portrait of himself by James Gunn and a silver ship, a gift of the Earl of Rosebery.



MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH "LIONS" RUGBY TEAM NOW TOURING AUSTRALIA WHO WON THEIR FIRST MATCH AGAINST VICTORIA WITH A HEAVY SCORE.

(Back row, left to right) A. Risman, J. Young, K. Scotland, A. Ashcroft, N. Brophy, S. Coughtrie, P. Jackson, B. Wood, T. Davies, M. Price, J. Faull, M. English. (Centre row, left to right) R. Prosser, W. Mulcahy, K. Smith, A. O'Reilly, W. Evans, R. Marques, N. Murphy, D. Hewitt, S. Miller, G. Waddell, H. Morgan. (Front row, left to right) R. Jeeps, J. Butterfield, M. Thomas, an official, A. Dawson (captain), an official, R. Williams, H. McLeod, B. Meredith.



MR. R. M. CARNEGIE PRESENTING THE WALKER CUP TO THE U.S. CAPTAIN, MR. C. COE. On May 16, at Muirfield, the U.S. team played brilliant golf to retain the Walker Cup. The U.S. team, which won the Cup by nine matches to three, had the previous day made a clean sweep of the foursomes.



(Left.) **WESTMINSTER'S NEW MAYOR: MR. G. PIRIE.** Councillor Gordon H. Pirie, C.B.E., a retired Royal Air Force Group Captain, was recently elected Mayor of the City of Westminster. Councillor Pirie, who is forty-one, is a company director, and was educated at Eton College and at the Royal Air Force College, Cranwell. He has served on the Westminster City Council for ten years.



THE SHAH OF PERSIA WITH QUEEN JULIANA AND PRINCE BERNHARD OF THE NETHERLANDS AT A RECEPTION IN THE ROYAL PALACE, AMSTERDAM.

The Shah of Persia arrived in Amsterdam on May 20 for his three-day State visit to the Netherlands where he was entertained by Queen Juliana and went on a tour of Dutch industry from Friesland to Rotterdam, seeing the country.

(Right.) **A FORMER AMBASSADOR: THE LATE SIR R. CRAIGIE.**

Sir Robert Craigie, who died on May 16, aged seventy-five, was British Ambassador in Tokyo from 1937 to 1941. He entered the Foreign Office in 1907. In 1934 he became an Assistant Under-Secretary in London. Sir Robert Craigie was British representative to the War Crimes Commission from 1945 to 1948.



(Left.) **THE NEW COPTIC PATRIARCH RECENTLY ENTHRONED.** The Archpriest Mina El Metaweh, fifty-seven, a former monk, was enthroned in Cairo on May 10 as Amba Kyrillos VI, the 116th Patriarch of the 25,000,000 Orthodox Copts of Africa and Asia, in the ancient St. Marc's Cathedral. His jurisdiction as Pope of Alexandria and Patriarch of St. Marc's covers all Africa and Asia Minor.

(Right.) **A GLIDING CHAMPION: MR. G. STEPHENSON.** On May 18, at the National Gliding Championships held at Lasham, Hampshire, Mr. Geoffrey Stephenson, of the London Gliding Club, became British Gliding Champion for the second time, having previously won the championship in 1951. In the recent competition Mr. Stephenson flew his own *Skylark III* sailplane.



THE OLD AND NEW MODERATORS OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND TOGETHER AT THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY, ON MAY 19.

The retiring Moderator, the Very Rev. John A. Fraser (left), is talking with his successor, the Right Rev. Dr. R. W. H. Shepherd, in the courtyard of the Assembly Hall. Dr. Shepherd was a missionary for forty years in Africa. He was installed by the Lord High Commissioner, Lord Wemyss.



A MASTER MARINER: THE LATE SIR DAVID BONE.

Sir David Bone, who died on May 17, at the age of eighty-four, was formerly Commodore of the Anchor Line. He was well known as the author of many books on sea life, the first and most popular of which was "The Brass-bounder." During the Second World War Sir David Bone commanded the motor transport *Circassia*.



LEAVING FOR BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE NEW VENEZUELAN AMBASSADOR DR. DON IGNACIO BORGES.

The new Venezuelan Ambassador to Britain, Dr. Don Ignacio Iribarren Borges, is seen here, with his wife and seventeen-year-old daughter, before leaving to present his credentials to Her Majesty the Queen at Buckingham Palace on May 15.

FROM A PERSIAN ROYAL GUARD TO AN ATOMIC SUBMARINE: CURRENT NEWS IN PHOTOGRAPHS.



(Left.)
ON PERMANENT LOAN
FROM THE LOUVRE IN
EXCHANGE FOR THE
"HANDS OF GUDEA": A
POLYCHROME TILE PANEL
OF A PERSIAN ROYAL
GUARD—FROM SUSA.

Recently the British Museum gave to the Louvre the "hands of Gudea," part of the statue of a Sumerian ruler of the third Millennium B.C., of which the remainder is in the Louvre. In return the Louvre have deposited this panel, for which there is no parallel in this country. The technique derives from the Babylonians; and the uniform is in many colours against a blue background.



THE 1400-TON FRIGATE *FOUDROYANT* (BUILT IN 1817 AND NOW AT PORTSMOUTH), FOR WHICH A £5000 APPEAL HAS BEEN LAUNCHED BY MR. F. G. CARR, DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM—TO PRESERVE HER AS "A MONUMENT TO BRITISH SEA POWER."



A WINE-BARREL CARVED BY GAUGUIN IN 1889-90: FROM THE EXHIBITION OF 19TH- AND 20TH-CENTURY EUROPEAN MASTERS IN LONDON.

One of the most interesting objects from the current exhibition at Marlborough Fine Art, 17-18, Old Bond Street, is this wine barrel, 14½ ins. high, which Gauguin carved with human figures, dogs, ducks and other animals, flowers and leaves. It was part of a decoration for an inn where the artist was staying.



"LIFTING ITSELF BY ITS OWN BOOTSTRAPS": THE WORLD'S LARGEST *GOLIATH* CRANE DURING CONSTRUCTION AT HINKLEY POINT, SOMERSET.

This crane, designed and built by Babcock and Wilcox, is seen hoisting its own 650-ton bridge into position to complete itself. It will be used in constructing the atomic power station and will straddle the reactor building.



THE WINNER OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S PERSONAL PRIZE FOR ELEGANT DESIGN: MR. C. W. F. LONGMAN'S PRESTCOLD REFRIGERATOR.

On May 15 Prince Philip awarded his prize for elegant design at the Design Centre, Haymarket, to Mr. C. W. F. Longman, who in association with Mr. Edward Wilkes, designed the Prestcold D301 "Packaway" refrigerator.



A CEREMONY AT THE MERMAID THEATRE: LOWERING A BOX CONTAINING THE NAMES OF THE SUBSCRIBERS TO WHAT WILL BE THE CITY'S OWN THEATRE.

On May 21, a week before the opening, the Mermaid Theatre was the scene of a little ceremony when Miss Hy Hazell and Sir Edward Wilshaw joined in lowering into a trap a metal chest containing the names of all who have subscribed.



CATCH A SHOOTING MISSILE—A DUMMY *POLARIS* MISSILE IS SHOT (LEFT) AND CAUGHT (RIGHT) IN THE GANTRY IN "OPERATION SKYCATCH."

This overhead assembly enables dummies of *Polaris* missiles to be fired and almost immediately caught—a process which helps in the study of launching stresses. The tests, called "Operation Skycatch," are taking place at the San Francisco Naval Shipyards.



A SIGN OF THE TIMES AT THIS YEAR'S CHELSEA: CONTROLLING AT ONE'S EASE THE MOVEMENTS OF A RADIO-CONTROLLED LAWN MOWER.

One of the trends of gardening in the future is towards, perhaps, push-button operations, with automation as far as possible cutting out vain-repetition tasks. Most gardeners will, however, remain somewhat sceptical.



FROM PRINCESS MARGARET'S VISIT TO A NURSES' DEPOT AND ALDERSHOT—TO A PRESENTATION.



PRINCESS MARGARET BEING SALUTED BY OFFICERS OF THE QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S ROYAL ARMY NURSING CORPS DURING HER TOUR OF THE DEPOT AT HINDHEAD. DURING HER VISIT THE PRINCESS OPENED A MILITARY MUSEUM.

PRINCESS MARGARET INSPECTING A NURSE'S UNIFORM OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR: AN AMUSING SCENE FROM HER RECENT VISIT TO A NURSES' TRAINING DEPOT AT HINDHEAD.

On May 22, Princess Margaret visited Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Corps—of which she is Colonel-in-Chief—at their depot and training establishment at Queen Alexandra's Camp, Hindhead, Surrey, where she opened the Military Museum. In this picture she is seen viewing a nurse's uniform—with boater—as worn during the South African War. Princess Margaret later visited the Aldershot Horse Show.

(Right.) AT THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND IN EDINBURGH: THE EARL OF WEMYSS ADDRESSING THE OPENING MEETING.

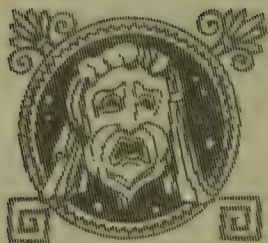
On May 19, at the Assembly Hall, Edinburgh, the Lord High Commissioner, the Earl of Wemyss, made the opening speech at this year's General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Speaking from the Throne Gallery, the Earl of Wemyss stressed the crucial importance of "unity of spirit" in churches, which must combat Soviet Communism and materialistic philosophies. He spoke also about inter-racial relations in Africa.



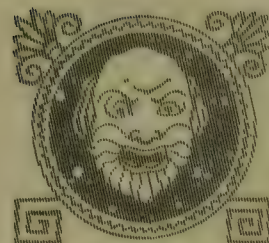
AT THE ALDERSHOT HORSE SHOW: PRECEDED BY A PIPE SERGEANT OF THE BLACK WATCH PRINCESS MARGARET WAVES AS SHE WALKS FROM THE STAND.



A MEDAL FOR THE DAUPHIN OF FRANCE: HENRI D'ORLEANS, A SECOND-LIEUTENANT, RECEIVES THE MILITARY CROSS FOR GALLANTRY AGAINST THE ALGERIAN REBELS. The honouring at a ceremony near Constantine, Algeria, of Henri D'Orléans, son of the Comte de Paris, with a medal for bravery, was outstanding in that it was the first time a member of the deposed line of kings had been decorated for valour by Republican France.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



IN HOLIDAY MOOD

By ALAN DENT

RATHER naively (for me), I went to see something called "Some Like It Hot" vaguely imagining that it was to be some kind of relaxation on a foreign beach with surf-riding—or rather, watching other people surf-riding—as its most strenuous activity. I flocked to it—if a single person *can* flock—in the hope of finding some temporary solace for the grievance that I cannot, one way and another, go abroad this year.

My initial shock may be imagined, then, when the film began with a car-chase in the streets of Chicago on a dark winter night in pouring rain. What *was* all this? A glance at my synopsis told me it was "Chicago, February, 1929. The pre-depression, gangster-dominated era of legislated thirst under Prohibition. Tipped by Toothpick Charlie (George E. Stone), Federal-Agent Mulligan (Pat O'Brien) raids a speakeasy run by Spats Colombo (George Raft)." Ugh! My match flickered out, and I very nearly fled the building.

But fortunately I waited, and did not have to wait long for the fun to begin. "Some Like It Hot" has no more than an introduction and a coda about Chicago gangsterdom, and both are short if violent. The whole point is that two jazz musicians called Joe and Jerry (Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon) are involved in a raid, are thrown out of work, look around for jobs, and then in desperation join a ladies' band *disguised as ladies*. The music-makers are a pretty and a screaming little bunch, one of them is a blonde named Sugar (Marilyn Monroe), and a great deal of fast and furious fun has begun almost before the night-train to Florida has begun its journey.



"BOTH INVENTIVE AND DEVASTATING AS THE TWO PLAINEST GIRLS IN THE ORCHESTRA": TONY CURTIS AND JACK LEMMON DISGUISED AS MEMBERS OF AN ALL-GIRL BAND IN "SOME LIKE IT HOT."

In this scene the two jazz musicians Joe (left) and Jerry (Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon), who have witnessed a ruthless gangster murder in Chicago and are consequently forced to disguise themselves and to find employment in a ladies' band, practise on board the all-night train to Florida. (London Premiere: London Pavilion, May 14.)

The masquerade, of course, goes unsuspected. Arrived in Florida, at Miami Beach, this ladies' orchestra beholds a rowful of millionaires in deck-chairs sitting sunning themselves, and just waiting. "Josephine" Curtis has already—in the chaste prose of the synopsis—"succumbed to Sugar's charms although he has kept his feelings secret." But "Daphne" Lemmon is either less fortunate or more fortunate—according as one regards such a concatenation of circumstances—and immediately attracts the single-minded eye of the oldest and richest of the millionaires, Osgood Fielding (Joe E. Brown). This is a comedian whom I have never until this occasion thought very funny. But as this wicked and peculiarly un-surpriseable old gent, he

is a riot in himself. He has the very last line in this fast and funny film, and it sends us all away in a roar.

Harkening to "The Critics" on the radio the following Sunday morning I was surprised—or perhaps, from experience, not so very surprised—

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE



MARILYN MONROE, WHO IS APPEARING IN "SOME LIKE IT HOT" (UNITED ARTISTS).

"Miss Monroe," writes Alan Dent, "is barely required to act: we only insist that she should exist. Yet in 'Some Like It Hot'—a witty and well-directed Billy Wilder film—she gives a tidy as well as fetching performance as a singer and ukelele-player in a ladies' orchestra which travels from Chicago to Florida. Miss Monroe wears one or two gowns in describing which the word 'décolletage' would be utterly inadequate. But it is an Italian word—see below—which best describes her own devastating prettiness. Miss Monroe is *squisitissima*—most exquisite." The film began its career at the London Pavilion on the Friday before Whitsun.

to note that not a single member of the over-harmonious bevy deplored the gangster introduction to this film, and most especially its glimpses of the notorious St. Valentine's Day massacre. They devoted their precious time, instead, to defending the film's farcical core against any possible charge of bad taste. But surely this is *waste* of precious time? And surely you might as well, at this time of day, be detecting or deploring bad taste in the delectable second act of "Princess Ida," where the young men dress up as girls. Or in "Charley's Aunt," for that matter. Come, come, "The Critics"! Have me back among you some time to try to bring you down to Scottish common sense occasionally!

It only remains to say in commendation of this quite exceptionally witty farce that Messrs. Curtis and Lemmon are both inventive and devastating as the two plainest girls in the orchestra, that Miss Monroe is like nothing so much as a Doyenné du Comice pear, and that Miami Beach, whose air is hot rather than fresh, appears to have no sea to speak of. Reverting to Miss Monroe, who is now in absolutely perfect condition, I suggest that the best possible words

to fit her are those of a great Italian gourmet describing exactly that variety of pear I have specified. One needs very little Italian to realise that he is writing mouth-wateringly well when he refers to it thus: "*la polpa gialla, verdastra e fina, fondente, molto succosa; e molto bene profumata, squisitissima*." The last word, most especially, is the one for Miss Monroe.

Far more of the holiday feeling I set out to capture is to be found in another gay affair called "For the First Time." Yet here in prospect—the star being the celebrated singer, Mario Lanza—I had no thought of holiday or escape. Mr. Lanza impersonates—if what he does can be called impersonation—a celebrated singer called Tonio Costa, who is chased all over the opera-house world by a shimmering Countess shimmeringly played by Miss Zsa Zsa Gabor (who is, it must be confessed, not any more of an impersonator than is our hero). But Tonio falls in love with a nice little stone-deaf girl (nicely played by Johanna van Kozian), and all the drama the film contains springs from this girl falling in love with him, having her hearing restored by a great specialist, losing it suddenly, and having it re-restored at the end. He loves her, too, of course.

Tonio Costa is a very restless fellow. One manager says to him very justly at one point: "You must stop running and learn to walk." He might even have added: "You must stop bellowing and give us some *bel canto*." But Tonio takes no advice of any sort from anybody.

There are a few scenes from grand opera, the absurdities of which the film heightens as usual. Here Tonio sings, among other things, Verdi's



TONIO COSTA (MARIO LANZA) IN THE SCENE WHERE HE SINGS "COME PRIMA" TO THE DEAF GIRL, CHRISTA BRUCKNER (JOHANNA VAN KOZIAN): A SCENE—ON CAPRI—FROM THE M.-G.-M. PRODUCTION, "FOR THE FIRST TIME." (LONDON PREMIERE: EMPIRE THEATRE, LEICESTER SQUARE, MAY 7.)

death-scene from *Otello*, and I shall not soon forget a long close-up of the dead Desdemona looking like a huge *breathing* doll that only just manages to keep its eyes closed. There is also an amusing scene at the Vienna Opera House where Tonio keeps a smart audience waiting inside, while he stands on top of a cab and sings Verdi to the audience outside that has been turned away in the rain.

But it is the glimpses that one gets *past*, so to speak, the not inconsiderable bulk of Tonio, which are by far the most gratifying things in this film. We are indeed in Vienna for five minutes, and in Salzburg beyond a doubt, and certainly in Paris for a space, and indubitably in Capri. It was nearly as good as a holiday. I recognised in Capri the exact spot at which a donkey I was riding stopped dead and turned round and bit my toe. But that story will keep for another day!

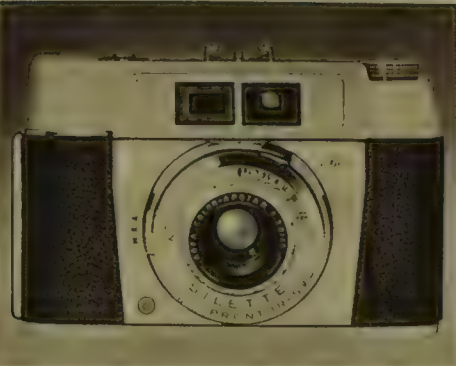
OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"WARLOCK" (20th Century-Fox. Generally Released: May 18).—A wild and woolly Western with Richard Widmark and Henry Fonda and Anthony Quinn all grimly shooting and being shot. Noisy.

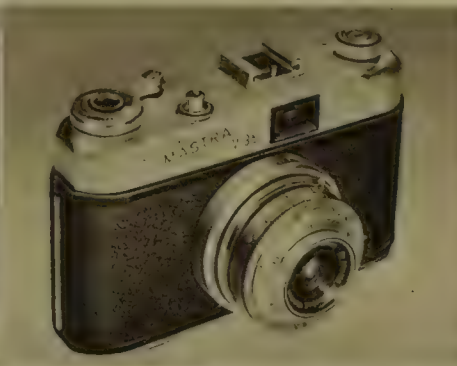
"IT HAPPENED TO JANE" (Columbia. Generally Released: May 25).—Bright little Doris Day faces up to Ernie Kovacs as a railroad tycoon who tries to cheat her out of a poor but honest living as a lobster-catcher. Funny.

"THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA" (M.-G.-M. Generally Released: May 25).—Bernard Shaw's masterly tilt at the Faculty of Medicine, lovely to look at and cogent in argument; with Dirk Bogarde and Leslie Caron as the artist and his wife, and a little cluster of our best character-actors as the doctors. Surprisingly witty.

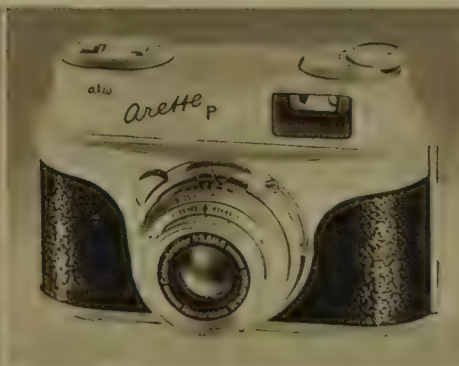
ALL LESS THAN £30: NEW CAMERAS FOR COLOUR AND BLACK-AND-WHITE.



THE LATEST 35 MM. AGFA SILETTE, INCORPORATING THE BRIGHTLINE FINDER. F/2.8 COLOR APOTAR LENS. £21 0s. 9d.



THE MASTRA V.35, TAKING 35 MM. FILM. F/2.8 LENS, VERO SHUTTER, AUTOMATIC LEVER-WIND AND OPTICAL VIEWFINDER. £13 7s.



THE ARETTE P, 35 MM., WITH LARGE IMAGE LUMINOUS FRAME VIEWFINDER. F/2.8 COLOR ARETTAR HARD-COATED LENS. £13 19s. 7d.



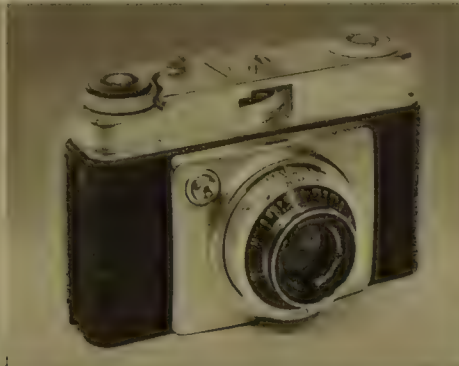
THE NEW KODAK "RETINETTE" IIB, 35 MM., WITH BUILT-IN EXPOSURE METER. F/2.8 SCHNEIDER "REOMAR" LENS. £29 12s. 11d.



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THE AGIFLASH 44, WITH AUTOMATIC FLASH SYNCHRONISATION. FOR BLACK-AND-WHITE OR COLOUR SNAPS, 127 FILM. £2 15s.



THE KODAK "BANTAM" COLORSNAP CAMERA—FOR COLOUR SLIDES OR COLOUR PRINTS OR BLACK-AND-WHITE. £9 11s. 10d.



THE VOIGTLANDER VITO B (35 MM.), WITH SPECIAL "CRYSTAL FRAME" VIEWFINDER. F/2.8 COLOR-SKOPAR LENS, PRONTOR-SVS SHUTTER. £26 3s. 2d.



FOR STEREOGRAPHIC COLOUR PICTURES: THE STEREO GRAPHIC. F/4 LENSES, COLOUR CORRECTED, AUTOMATIC SHUTTER SETTING. THE "DEPTHMASTER" LENS SYSTEM GIVES AUTOMATIC FOCUSING. £22 5s.

ALTHOUGH at the International Photo Fair which was held in the National Hall at Olympia on May 11 to 16 this year there was, of course, much to delight and fascinate the experts and every conceivable variety of luxurious and costly accessory and instrument, nevertheless one of the most striking developments in the camera world since the war has been the production in many countries of a great variety of cameras of very high standard but at very reasonable prices. The illustrations on this page are therefore devoted to just this point. All the cameras shown here—35 mm. cameras, twin-lens reflex cameras and cine cameras alike—all cost less than £30, ranging from the Kodak "Retinette" IIB at £29 12s. 11d. to the Agiflash 44 at £2 15s. All prices, incidentally, are

[Continued opposite.]



THE HALINA A1, TWIN LENS REFLEX, 2 1/4 INS. BUT COMPLETE WITH 35 MM. CONVERSION UNIT. F/3.5 LENS. £10 10s.



THE FIRST RUSSIAN CAMERA TO BE IMPORTED: THE LUBITEL 2, TWIN LENS REFLEX. F/4.5 (TAKING), F/2.8 (VIEWING). £7 15s. 5d.



THE SEMFLEX TWIN LENS REFLEX, WITH BERTHIOT F/3.5 LENS (TAKING), F/2.8 LENS (VIEWING). 9-SPEED SHUTTER. £23 5s.



A COMBINED CINE AND STILL CAMERA, DESIGNED FOR COLOUR: THE PRINCE COLOUR CAMERA. STANDARD 9.5 MM. FILM. £17 17s.



THE KODAK "BROWNIE" MOVIE CAMERA MODEL II, WITH F/1.9 LENS, FOR BLACK-AND-WHITE OR COLOUR FILM. £18 6s. 2d.



THE BELL AND HOWELL MODEL 624 CINE CAMERA, WITH WINDOW VIEW-FINDER, AUTOMATIC APERTURE SETTING. £21 18s. 10d.

Continued.] shown with purchase tax included. Moreover, although all these instruments are capable alike of colour or black-and-white, a great deal of care has been spent to make them uncomplicated in use, and so not terrifying for the beginner in intelligent photography. Viewfinders have been improved and enlarged with a view to making it easier for the photographer to know exactly what he is taking; and some cameras specialise in giving on the body of the instrument a handy guide to the appropriate aperture and exposure in a wide variety of subjects and circumstances—again for colour and black-and-white likewise. The modern camera is an attractive object—and the beginner need no longer be frightened by the price, nor by any tendency to "blind him with science."

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

DEEP SOUTH

By J. C. TREWIN.

NOBODY can complain that during the last eighteen months we have lacked any chance to consider the work of Tennessee Williams. In London there have been "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," the double bill of "Garden District," "The Rose Tattoo," and now "Orpheus Descending." And elsewhere I have observed



A SCENE FROM TENNESSEE WILLIAMS' "ORPHEUS DESCENDING" AT THE ROYAL COURT THEATRE. The townspeople (rear, left to right), Sheriff Talbot (Robert Cawdron), Eva Temple (Catherine Wilmer), Nurse Porter (Bessie Love), Dog Hamma (Ivor Salter), Dolly Hamma (Diana Beaumont) and Beulah Binnings (Mavis Villiers), listen intently as Val Xavier (Gary Cockrell) and Lady Torrance (Isa Miranda) share a joke. A scene from Tennessee Williams' "prolonged tale of passion in the setting of a general dry-goods store in a small Southern town." (First night, May 14.)

another attempt—by amateurs this time—at exploring the chaos of "Camino Real."

When I think of this dramatist I am reminded of the placard that David Copperfield had to wear at Salem House School, "Take care of him. He bites." In the theatre Tennessee Williams can bite. He pursues a theme round the stage, lazily at first perhaps, then corners it, has a good nip, marshals it to another corner, and so on through a long evening. One bite can be like another, for no dramatist is less afraid of repeating himself. It can be merely ferocious, merely noisy, but as a rule Mr. Williams keeps us watching and listening, even though, as in "A Streetcar Named Desire" long ago, it can sometimes be an empty vigil.

Still, the dramatist has progressed since that play, or it may be that one is more accustomed to his sad ferocity, his joyless barking. He can be, when he wishes, a most powerful melodramatist, and it is this, I believe, that is his main business in the theatre. When he talks about corruption and purity, and works himself into a lather about the state of the world, one is not very excited. And there are passages of symbolism that cry for a parodist, as in the key phrases of "Orpheus Descending" about the "kind of bird that don't have legs so it can't light on nothing but has to stay all its life on its wings in the sky." Tennessee Williams, when all is said—and I do not forget "The Glass Menagerie"—is happiest as a dramatist of strong theatrical action. One remembers his plays for those sudden *coups* when, ceasing to nip and worry, he does bite straight to the bone.

Often we have to wait with what patience we can summon. "Orpheus Descending," now at the Royal Court, lasts far too long—more than three hours on the first night—but its final scene has the sort of melodramatic force that can stab us from our seats. It is a pity that the stab is so slow in coming, that Williams

takes so unconscionable a time to establish the atmospherics of the dry-goods store, the coming of the guitar-player, his Orpheus, the frustration of the storekeeper married to a "gaunt, wolfish" dying husband, the character of the wayward girl Carol, the babble of the small-town gossips. He is not a niggardly writer; he fills his stage. But he will go on worrying away at one point or another until, in defence, we almost cease to mark him.

This prolonged tale of passion in the setting of a general dry-goods store in a small Southern town, is one of the dramatist's favourite plays. In its original form, it was his first to be produced professionally. He says of the present version (again he will not let go) that about 75 per cent. of it is new writing, and that it now has in it a kind of "emotional bridge" between his early years and his present work as a dramatist. He also says: *

On its surface it was and still is the tale of a wild-spirited boy who wanders into a conventional community of the South and creates the commotion of a fox in a chicken-coop. But beneath that now familiar surface it is a play about unanswered questions that haunt the hearts of people, and the difference between continuing to ask them, a difference represented by the four major protagonists of the play, and the acceptance of prescribed answers that are not answers at all, but expedient adaptations or surrender to a state of quandary.

There we are; I still prefer to think of it as a melodrama of intermittent power that explodes suddenly into an ultimate scene of uninhibited,

what the play needs, though I feel the comings-and-goings up and down that trying spiral staircase waste time sadly. What troubled me at the première was the way in which the production loitered—it dragged its slow length along, like Pope's wounded snake—and, more especially, the passages of indistinct speech.

Presumably a play is written to be heard; players speak to be heard; a director ensures that no word is missed. So I have generally supposed. But when "Orpheus Descending" opened, Isa Miranda, as the frustrated woman, failed frequently to project her heavily-accented phrases. We "got the sense," occasionally not that, and the vital fig-tree speech of the final scene was all but inaudible in row K. This exasperated because Miss Miranda is obviously an actress of acute sensibility. No doubt the first rows of stalls were enjoying her performance very much: I wanted to share that pleasure, and so (I gathered) did my neighbours.

A director, it appears to me, fails when he does not realise that his leading artist is inaudible; Diane Cilento also allows too many syllables to slither away from us. If everyone spoke as audibly as Gary Cockrell, the "Orpheus," or Mavis Villiers—who has one of the narrative passages in which Williams is a specialist—we should have no trouble. Why must we be afflicted by slurred speech in the theatre? There is no excuse for it. It is not excitingly realistic. It is just slovenly and, on the face of it, ill-mannered.

And at present this form of bad manners is again growing.

Mr. Williams had another look at an old play ("Orpheus Descending" was originally called "Battle of Angels"). Alan Melville has had a look at a play by Anna Bonacci and based upon it now his "Change of Tune," a highly symmetrical frivolity about a small town in another Deep South. The scene at the Strand Theatre is Provence in the second half of last century, and all rests upon a little subterfuge designed to gratify an influential Marquis.

Clearly—so it is argued—it would be fatal to the ambitions of an egotistical organist and to the hopes of the local Mayor, if the Marquis were entertained by the organist's shy wife.

So Martine, the local courtesan, must become, for one night only, the "wife" of the organist, while obedient Madame Renaud goes along to sit in Martine's elaborate apartment, with a friendly, sophisticated maid in attendance. You may guess what happens. The play runs on, but it has often an engaging liveliness, and Geraldine McEwan, with her astonished-starling voice and her diffident consternation, can always keep us happy with the dutiful woman who suddenly sees life and opens her eyes very widely at what she sees. Michael Goodliffe and Hugh Latimer are, expertly, the kind of organist that would send me out on tip-toe during any voluntary, and the kind of blandly wicked Marquis we have come to know very well, in Provence and out. Every player at the Strand, let me say, is audible.

* "Orpheus Descending" (Secker and Warburg, 1958), p. 10.



A HILARIOUS SCENE FROM "CHANGE OF TUNE" AT THE STRAND THEATRE. In this scene from a "highly symmetrical frivolity about a small town..." the organist's shy wife, Madame Renaud (Geraldine McEwan), makes merry with the two travellers, Brazier (left, James Hayter) and Vasse (Keith Baxter), while the Marquis of Castillane (Hugh Latimer) stands unamused in the background. (First night, May 13.)

uncomplicated "theatre." (Incidentally, we may find now at the Court a variation from the printed text.)

I cannot believe that the current production aids the play. True, Tony Richardson has laid on the atmospherics, according to his author's directions; and Loudon Sainthill's set is doubtless

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"CAUGHT NAPPING" (Piccadilly).—Geoffrey Lumsden's farce, with Raymond Huntley and George Benson; directed by Anthony Sharp. (May 22.)

"BEWARE OF ANGELS" (Westminster).—Ruth Dunning and Lyndon Brook in a play by Audrey Erskine Lindop and Dudley Leslie. (May 26.)

"MARIGOLD" (Savoy).—A musical version of the endearing comedy. (May 27.)

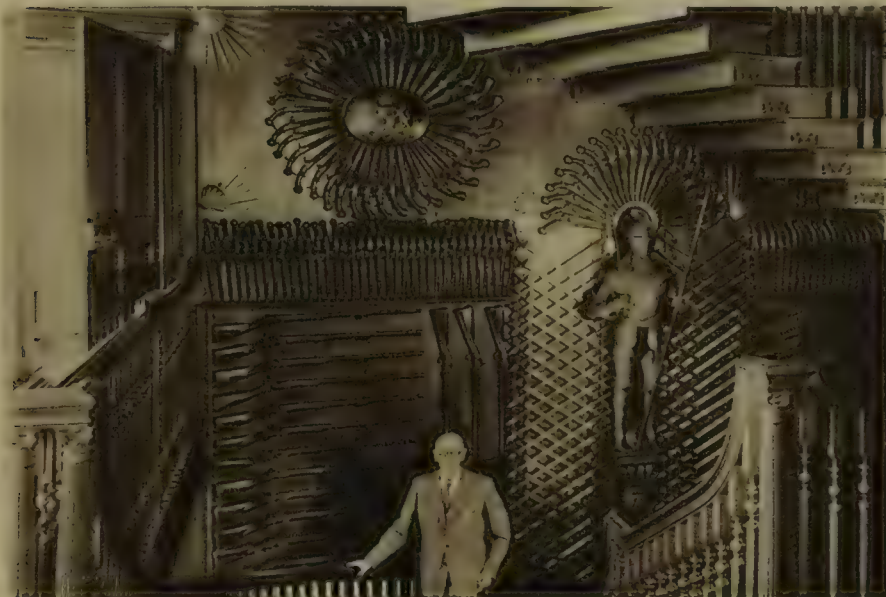
"LOCK UP YOUR DAUGHTERS" (Mermaid).—The first production in Bernard Miles's new theatre is the musical version of an 18th-century Fielding comedy, re-titled. (May 28.)

"THE PRODIGAL WIFE" (Winter Garden).—David Horne appears in his own play, with Viola Lyel and Ann Farrer. (May 28.)

CHEVENING GIVEN TO THE NATION.



THE TAPESTRY ROOM, GIVEN TO GENERAL STANHOPE, FIRST EARL, BY FREDERICK I OF PRUSSIA FOR CAPTURING PORT MAHON, MINORCA, IN 1708.



A NOBLE DISPLAY OF ARMS: LORD STANHOPE WALKING UP THE FRONT STAIRCASE OF THE ARMOURY, WHICH CONTAINS VALUABLE PIECES OF THE QUEEN ANNE PERIOD.



A SPRING VIEW ACROSS THE LAKE TO THE HOUSE: IT STANDS IN AN ESTATE OF 3000 ACRES WHICH ARE INCLUDED IN THE GIFT.

IT was announced on May 15 that Chevening House, together with an estate of about 3000 acres, situated in beautiful surroundings in the heart of Kent, near Sevenoaks, had been given to the nation by Lord Stanhope. It is hoped that the estate will be used for activities for the encouragement of friendly relations between this country and the United States. The treasures of Chevening House are many. Containing a magnificent collection of paintings and furniture, acquired through seven generations, Chevening is traditionally said to have been designed by Inigo Jones and to have been built by Lord Dacre. A striking example of late Renaissance architecture, Chevening was enlarged about 1717 and altered in the early 19th century. Among its most important rooms are the drawing-room, which contains some fine family portraits, including one by Thomas Gainsborough, and the hall, in which there is displayed a wonderful arrangement of muskets, pistols and swords.

THE NEW HEINZ FACTORY IN LANCASHIRE.

ON May 21 the Lord Chancellor, Viscount Kilmuir, opened the new Heinz factory at Kitt Green, near Wigan, Lancashire. Built by A. Monk and Company, of Warrington, this new home of the celebrated 57 varieties is reputed to be the largest food factory in the British Commonwealth, and had cost about £7,000,000. It is an imaginative building, spaciouly laid out, and it embodies the most up-to-date methods of factory planning and equipment. It is designed so that raw materials, locally grown in the Ormskirk Plain, can be delivered directly to the second floor of the factory by means of an elevated road. About 3000 people will eventually be employed there, and an adjoining 9-acre sports field provides for their free hours. The Queen Mother is due to pay a visit to the new factory on June 24, accompanied by the Earl of Derby, who is Lord Lieutenant of the County Palatine.



IN THE NEW HEINZ FACTORY NEAR WIGAN, LANCASHIRE: THE GLEAMING "KETTLES" WHERE SOME OF THE FAMOUS 57 VARIETIES ARE MADE; IN THIS CASE THE PRODUCT IS SOUP.



SHOWING THE SPACIOUS LAYOUT AND ELEVATED APPROACH ROAD: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE HEINZ FACTORY WHICH WILL EVENTUALLY EMPLOY ABOUT 3000 PEOPLE.



WORKING BY NIGHT AS WELL AS BY DAY: A VIEW OF THE ELEVATED "CAN RUN" WHICH CONVEYS CANS TO THE MANUFACTURING BUILDING WHICH IS SEEN AT THE REAR. THE FACTORY EMPLOYS A SYSTEM OF CONTINUOUS PRODUCTION.

YOU can't have excitements every week.

There are bound to be weeks when your reading arouses little enthusiasm and still less antagonism. That, after all, is the way of the world, and this kind of *accidia*—I have never quite fathomed why the early Christians denounced it as a deadly sin—is liable to attack authors, publishers, reviewers and readers alike. It would be interesting to get representatives of all four categories round a dinner-table one evening and to thrash this point out in a kind of *symposium* very different from Plato's classic. It is a pipe-dream—and one day I might indulge myself by stuffing the metaphorical pipe with still more metaphorical tobacco, and smoking it to the last dottle! Meanwhile, I must try to justify a tepidity which some readers may be disposed to challenge.

I start with a gentle book, full of feeling. It is Alberta Hannum's *PAINT THE WIND*. It tells the authentic story of a young Navajo Indian—"Red Indian," of course—who has a strange and quite unique talent for painting. I had not heard of him. But if one is to try to estimate the life of a painter, the first thing to do is glance through the illustrations of his work. They are clear-cut and profoundly moving. Experts have commented that they resemble some of the best of Chinese or Japanese work, and I am prepared, as a layman, to accept their estimate. But has any artist—Japanese, Indian, or European—ever used colour in so compelling a manner? I would not have thought so. Yet, when I came to read the book itself, it struck me as lying a whole world below the illustrations. Granted that the painter, whose Indian name is Beatien Yazz, was accepted into a white family, and regarded his benefactors as father and mother; granted that he still regarded himself as a "brave" of the Navajo tribe; still, the book records, but does not explain. There may be no explanation available—for genius flourishes where it will, and is not always to be caught and held by mere words, like a moth on a pin—but it seemed to me that there was a silent gulf between the breathless beauty of these paintings and the homely narrative of the boy who painted them.

I came down to earth again with Brigadier Davidson-Houston's *ARMED DIPLOMAT*. It is well worth reading. A British military attaché in Moscow, who speaks Russian fluently and keeps his eyes and his ears open, has much to tell us. Unfortunately, I seem to have heard most of it before. Here are all those Russians—dilatatory, remote, incalculable, friendly at one moment and hostile the next, moving like marionettes dancing on official strings—whom we have met in book after book. There are no surprises left. I can only congratulate the author on the freshness with which he communicates a twice-told tale.

The same comment, I am afraid, must serve for *NINE LIVES*, by Group Captain Alan Deere. He was one of the "ace" fighter-pilots in the Battle of Britain, and claims that his book is the first to be written by a survivor of "The Few." It is an immortal story—but can I say that it is immortally written? Alas, I cannot. It certainly gives an accurate picture of what these young men, who saved Britain and the world, were like; of what they experienced during their operational flights; of their reactions to danger, disaster and that dread which never degenerated into cowardice. It is good to hear all this from one of those whom we honour. But—except for an occasional flash, such as a comment on the antagonism between the British Army and the R.A.F. during the early stages of the war—there is nothing here which Sir Winston Churchill has not himself said, in one resounding phrase which needs no renotation.

These three books were, to say the least, worth writing, even if they fail in impact. I cannot say the same of Mr. Bernard Newman's *DANGER SPOTS OF THE WORLD*. This is something like a child's guide to international trouble—and it would be a very simple child indeed who would open round eyes at anything which Mr. Newman reveals. If ever there were a re-hash of the obvious, this is it. And I must, with equal reluctance, condemn *SPY RING PACIFIC*, by Colonel Allison Ind. This, in much the same vein as Group Captain Deere's book, tells the story of military intelligence in the South Pacific. The author is an American Army officer who became Deputy Controller of the Allied Intelligence Bureau in Australia in 1942. He writes of heroism and adventure, and his accounts justify themselves. But I found that, in his first chapter, he revelled in technical shorthand, such as SWPA, OSS, SOE, NEFIS and AIB. When I got to COMSOPAC, I nearly gave up in despair.

As to *RED DUST OF AFRICA*, by Sacha Carnegie, there is little to distinguish this book from scores of others—except that the author got into trouble

A LITERARY LOUNGER.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

for shooting an elephant, thereby nearly causing a District Commissioner to blow up with apoplexy. That was funny enough, but the rest was rather banal. Africa is also the scene of an odd and rather touching novel entitled *HENDERSON THE RAIN KING*, by Saul Bellow. It is the story of a great, hulking, rich drunkard of an American, who makes a complete mess of his family relation-

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

I SUPPOSE the Cedars will burst into *The Illustrated London News* before long, whatever I do, so I might as well admit them now.

Cedars Chess Club started in 1950 when ten-year-old David Levens taught his nine-year-old friend, David Mabbs, to play chess; the two taught other friends and the game spread like wildfire around their circle. It did not oust cricket and football: it just took its natural place alongside them.

As the group graduated into a club, regular meetings took place at each other's houses. It was when a local community association named the Cedars took the boys under its wing that their chess club assumed its present name. It was in Carmelite Road, Harrow, that Levens lived, and for a while they were known as the Carmelite Chess Club; the Cedars Community Association is on Harrow Weald nearby.

This was early in 1953, the membership being about thirty. When the Russian Grand Master Ragozin gave a simultaneous display at Harrow in 1955, Mabbs and his great friend David Rumens were among his opponents. Arthur Hall was another of Ragozin's opponents; got chatting with them, joined their club and became one of its keenest members.

In the year 1956-57 the Cedars for the first time took on adult chess clubs in open battle, losing only 2-4 to Harrow. It was now that the members, the majority well under twenty, began making the most fantastic collection of championship titles and trophies in chess-club history. I cannot hope to compile a comprehensive catalogue or even remember every Christian name or initial, but will do my best.

Rumens has won the British Boys' Championship and the London Boys' Championship and, just incidentally, the British Railways' (Eastern Section) Championship. Mabbs won the British Boys' Championship the year after Rumens; also the Middlesex Boys' Championship, and now holds the individual championship of the Northern Universities. Levens has also won the Middlesex Boys' Championship. Martin Neave won the British Boys' under-Fifteen Championship. John Collins is Nottingham University champion. Arthur Hall is champion of Oxford University, individual champion of British Universities and City of Oxford champion! Brian Foan, a former Welsh Junior champion, and Brian Hare, West of England and Gloucestershire Junior champion, have now joined the club. Alan Abel won the Middlesex under-Fifteen Championship.

The Club has just won the championship of the Middlesex League against teams of hardened campaigners, with a team whose average age cannot exceed twenty. Here is a game from this competition. Arthur Hall is White, J. E. Pattle (St. Pancras C.C.) Black, and the opening a Ruy Lopez:

- | | | | |
|------------|---------|-------------|--------|
| 1. P-K4 | P-K4 | 13. Kt-B1 | Kt-Kt1 |
| 2. Kt-KB3 | Kt-QB3 | 14. P-KKt4 | P-QB3 |
| 3. B-Kt5 | P-QR3 | 15. P-B4 | P-QB4 |
| 4. B-R4 | P-Q3 | 16. Kt-Kt3 | P-KKt3 |
| 5. P-B3 | B-Q2 | 17. K-R2 | R-B1 |
| 6. P-Q4 | Kt-B3 | 18. R-KKt1 | Q-Q1 |
| 7. Castles | B-K2 | 19. B-K3 | P-QKt4 |
| 8. R-K1 | Castles | 20. P-Kt3 | B-K1 |
| 9. P-KR3 | Q-K1 | 21. Q-Q2 | Kt-Q2 |
| 10. B-B2 | R-Q1 | 22. R-Kt2 | Kt-Kt3 |
| 11. P-Q5 | Kt-Kt1 | 23. B-Q3 | P-Kt5 |
| 12. QKt-Q2 | K-R1 | 24. QR-KKt1 | P-QR4 |

Now the fun (for White) starts:

25. Kt-B5 P×Kt

Otherwise comes 26. B-R6.

26. KtP×P B-KB3

Or 26. . . . Kt-B3; 27. B-R6 and 28. B-Kt7ch.

27. B-R6 Kt×B

28. Q×Kt Kt-Q2.

Or 28. . . . B-Q2; 29. Kt-Kt5.

29. Q×Rch! Resigns.

ships, his farming, and all social contacts. So he sets off for Africa, where he meets, in turn, two primitive tribes and gets on famously with them. While staying with the first, however, his capacity for making a blundering mess, with the best of intentions, trips him up once more. However, he has more of a success at his next port of call, for an exhibition of his great strength obtains for him the position of "rain doctor," and he makes friends with the tribal king, who spends a good deal of his time petting a full-grown lioness. It is an odd, rambling book, rather like its hero, but it has humour, compassion and an understanding

of people who make mistakes because they find life too difficult. I liked it.

On reflection, I don't think I have ever read a thriller in which the characters come from Dublin, Cork and the Border. That is what Mr. Desmond O'Neill has given us in *LIFE HAS NO PRICE*. It is,

as one might suppose, authentically Irish in mood and in manner, with enough hint of brogue to support the authenticity, but not so much as to dismay or disgust. The author breaks off every now and then to indulge in that sorrowful lyricism which is always a part of the Irishman's make-up, even when (as with the hero of this book) his principal occupation is smuggling, and he is engaged in hunting down the killer of his best friend. Otherwise, the book follows a well-established pattern, with plenty of blood, pretty girls, car chases and man-to-man fighting.

Also of the thriller type is Mr. Maurice Edelman's *A CALL ON KUPRIN*, a somewhat far-fetched story about a British Member of Parliament who sets out, accompanied by a Lobby Correspondent, to persuade a Russian scientist, a former Cambridge graduate, to return with them to England. Such expeditions are not best conducted by M.P.s and Lobby Correspondents, who are, after all, trained to carry out rather different missions in life—but Mr. Edelman feels at home with M.P.s and Lobby Correspondents, so here they are. The M.P. gets himself into an involvement which I shall not attempt to describe. I shall only make a mental note to be very, very careful to mind my P's and Q's when next I am in Moscow (and I am profoundly thankful to record that I have never been there, and am not likely to go). The Lobby Correspondent shoots Kuprin accidentally, and is very sad about it. Moral: It's safer to stay in the Lobby.

What exactly is "romance"? The question occurred to me when I saw that his publisher's blurb calls Mr. John Playfair a "modern romantic." Full of eagerness to discover what such a type might be, I read through his second novel, *ANDIAMO!*, in order to find out. I didn't find it particularly "modern," because Mr. Playfair isn't angry about anything much, or savagely proud about a red-brick background. Nor could I really classify the book as "romantic," because it seems to me to be striving after light sophistication rather than tenderness and imaginative passion. Mr. Playfair must, I suppose, be a musician, because the book is about musicians, and contains a good many technical passages, dragged in, if I may say so, by the scruff of their libretti. But what is this novel really about? Is it about Stephen and Julia? If so, the long holiday spent by Stephen and Humphrey in Italy, larking about in an inconclusive way with Italian girls, is really quite irrelevant. It's all quite good stuff, but I should like to tell Mr. Playfair what my old English literature master used to tell me: "Think before you write!" (I have never followed his advice, and never shall, but that's another story!)

I end with a burst of Gallicism. You can tell a French author a mile off—and not for the reason so commonly given! No; *THE FRENCH DRAGON*, by Roger Rudigoz, is quite typical. True, the hero, a Captain of Dragoons in the Napoleonic Wars, jumps in and out of bed a good deal, but the novel is all about *l'honneur, la gloire, la patrie and l'âme*, as well as *l'amour*. The captain has married the daughter of a monarchist, therefore *l'amour* is in conflict with all the others, and the captain is in a fix. He thrashes it all out towards the end of the book, when he is in hiding in the hills. "Melancholy," he thought, "year by year, gains a little on my soul." Considering the whole situation by and large, I am not at all surprised. By the time I had finished reading his dissertation, it had gained a little on mine.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- PAINT THE WIND*, by Alberta Hannum. (Michael Joseph; 21s.)
- ARMED DIPLOMAT*, by Brigadier J. V. Davidson-Houston. (Robert Hale; 21s.)
- NINE LIVES*, by Group Captain Alan C. Deere. (Hodder and Stoughton; 15s.)
- DANGER SPOTS OF THE WORLD*, by Bernard Newman. (Robert Hale; 18s.)
- SPY RING PACIFIC*, by Allison Ind. (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 21s.)
- RED DUST OF AFRICA*, by Sacha Carnegie. (Peter Davies; 16s.)
- HENDERSON THE RAIN KING*, by Saul Bellow. (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 16s.)
- LIFE HAS NO PRICE*, by Desmond O'Neill. (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.)
- A CALL ON KUPRIN*, by Maurice Edelman. (Longmans; 16s.)
- ANDIAMO!* by John Playfair. (Duckworth; 15s.)
- THE FRENCH DRAGON*, by Roger Rudigoz. (Bles; 16s.)

THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—XXXII.
ST. FELIX SCHOOL, SOUTHWOLD.



ON THE BEAUTIFUL LAWNS IN FRONT OF ST. FELIX SCHOOL: A STUDIOUS SCENE IN THE OPEN-AIR.



A LAUGHING GROUP MAKES ITS WAY FROM THE HOUSES TO THE MAIN SCHOOL BUILDINGS. IN THE BACKGROUND IS CLOUGH HOUSE, BUILT IN 1914.

St. Felix School, Southwold, an independent public school for girls, situated not far from the Suffolk coast, was founded towards the close of the 19th century. The first establishment was at Aldeburgh, in 1897, and at this time there were only four girls. The school soon expanded, and the following year moved to some houses in Southwold. In 1902 it was re-established in the houses now known as Gardiner and Somerville, and Fawcett, and in this year it acquired public school status. The wish of its foundress—Miss Gardiner,

who was forced to retire not very long after the foundation through ill-health—was that St. Felix's might be a school where "girls should be treated as sensible beings." In its policy of giving its pupils as much responsibility as possible, and therefore the opportunity to develop character, St. Felix School has to this day closely followed its foundress's intention. At this early stage in the school's history, St. Felix came under the sound guidance of the first chairman, Samuel Gardner.

Photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.



AMID TEST-TUBES, BUNSEN-BURNERS AND RETORTS: GIRLS OF THE SENIOR REMOVE PRACTISE QUANTITATIVE ANALYSIS IN THE WELL-EQUIPPED CHEMISTRY LABORATORY.

ST. FELIX SCHOOL: VARIED ACTIVITIES



A BUSY SCENE IN THE INTER-CONNECTING DOMESTIC SCIENCE ROOMS, WHICH FORM PART OF THE MAIN GROUP OF SCHOOL BUILDINGS.

BOTH IN THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.



MISS PELLING TAKES AN ART CLASS: ARTISTS IN THE MAKING LEARN HOW TO DRAW THE HUMAN FIGURE FROM A LIVE MODEL.



THE FASCINATION OF ELECTRONICS: GIRLS OF THE SECOND YEAR SIXTH HAVE SOME OF THE MYSTERIES OF THE SUBJECT EXPLAINED TO THEM BY MR. H. N. SIGEE, THE PHYSICS MASTER.



A RELAXED SCENE IN THE COMMON ROOM IN CLOUGH HOUSE. ONE GIRL IS USING A LOOM, WHILE ANOTHER READS *THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS*.



IN A PREFECT'S STUDY. TWO GIRLS CONCENTRATE ON A GAME OF CHESS, WHILE OTHERS STUDY GERMAN.



A STUDY IN EXPRESSIONS: SOME GIRLS IN LOWER VA ARE READY WITH AN ANSWER DURING A BIOLOGY LESSON.



EVENING "PREP" IN THE LIBRARY—WHICH OWES MANY OF ITS FINE BOOKS TO A FORMER HEADMISTRESS OF ST. FELIX SCHOOL, MISS SILCOX.



IN THE MUSIC SCHOOL: MISS B. BROWN CONDUCTS A WOODWIND GROUP OF FLUTES AND CLARINETS. BY THE PIANO IS A BOARD WITH NAMES OF PAST PUPILS.



THE HEADMISTRESS'S STUDY: MISS M. OAKELEY, HEADMISTRESS SINCE

The school continued to develop rapidly, and, in 1909, Miss Silcox became Headmistress. By the outbreak of World War One the hall, library and the present Clough House had been built. A quick move was necessary when the Germans bombarded Scarborough and for over a year the school was housed at Moffat and Swanwick. The year 1916 saw its return, and in the following year the school was shelled from the sea, but no damage was caused. After the war, St. Felix School progressed rapidly under Miss Silcox and during her

headship the laboratories and Bronte (now St. George's) House were added. Under her successor, Miss Edghill, the school was considerably enlarged: the gymnasium and sanatorium, the domestic science room and chapel were built, and a swimming-pool made in the grounds, which at this prosperous period were being greatly extended. In 1938 Miss Williamson took over the headship, and before the outbreak of World War Two Craigmyle House, named after a benefactor and former chairman, had been completed. After the commencement



SEPTEMBER 1958, HOLDS HER WEEKLY MEETING WITH THE PREFECTS.

of hostilities, St. Felix School moved first to a large hotel in Tintagel, where beach huts were used as classrooms for the junior girls—Merlin's Cave serving as an air-raid shelter. Since facilities here were very unsatisfactory, a move was made to Hinton House, in Somerset, where the school stayed for the remainder of the war. St. George's House, in the village, was taken over for the juniors. During the war the school at Southwold was used first by the Army as a Headquarters. At the end of 1943—during which year a bomb



IN THE BIOLOGY LABORATORY: MISS MURIEL BROWN SUPERVISES A CLASS STUDYING THE ALIMENTARY CANAL OF THE DISSECTED RAT.

fell on the school, exploding between Clough and Craigmyle House, causing much damage—the Admiralty took over the school, using it as a rehabilitation centre after the D-Day landings. This occupation is commemorated by a bronze tablet in the cloister. In 1944 the school returned to Southwold and in 1947 St. Felix School celebrated its jubilee, and a service was held in Southwold Church. In September 1958 Miss M. Williamson retired, and Miss M. Oakeley, M.A., Oxon, became Headmistress.

ST. FELIX SCHOOL: THE COMMON ROOM; AND THE CHAPEL.



BEFORE THE WARMTH OF A FIRE IN CLOUGH HOUSE COMMON ROOM: GIRLS MAKING USE OF THEIR SPARE TIME IN VARIOUS WAYS.



THE HEADMISTRESS READS MORNING LESSON. THE ALTARPIECE IS OF THE LATE 15TH-CENTURY FLORENTINE SCHOOL AND IS THE WORK OF AN UNIDENTIFIED PAINTER.



THE HEADMISTRESS WITH THE HEAD PREFECT. THE PREFECTS REPRESENT THE SCHOOL AND MEET WEEKLY TO DISCUSS PROBLEMS.

St. Felix School has developed steadily since the war, building up a reputation for itself through the academic successes of its pupils, several of whom have recently won major awards at Oxford, Cambridge and London. The school as it is to-day stands in beautiful grounds of 75 acres, and has four senior Houses—Clough, Fawcett, Somerville and Gardiner. The juniors are housed in Bronte, now renamed St. George's after the house in Hinton village taken over during World War Two. The school owes much to its many benefactors,

in particular to Samuel Gardner, and to Lord Craigmyle, who commemorated his predecessor with the presentation of the chapel and cloisters. The generosity of friends, staff and parents has made possible such equipment as a small observatory, a new organ and a cinema projector. A proud possession is the 15th-century Italian altarpiece in the chapel. This valuable oil painting was originally attributed to Filippino Lippi, but has now been shown to be the work of an unidentified painter. It was purchased in 1935.

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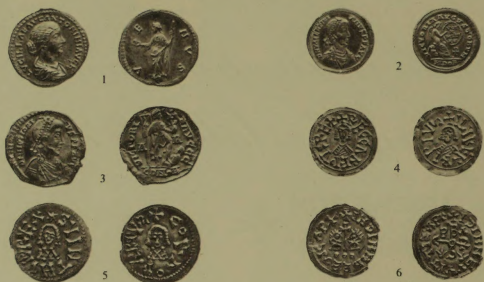
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PIECES FOR

ON June 2 the buyer of antiques can choose between two remarkable auctions in London's two leading sale-rooms. At Sotheby's a sale of porcelain and faience includes a number of English and Continental tureens, dishes and bowls, ingeniously modelled in the shapes of various vegetables and fruit: lettuces, asparagus, cauliflowers, melons, grapes, pumpkins, pineapples, cherries and many others, all fine pieces of craftsmanship, ideal for those who like to give an *à la fresco* touch to their dining-table. In the same sale is a superb Capodimonte vase of the mid-18th century, over a foot high and painted with Chinese figures seated under a flowering tree.

Less enchanting, but just as decorative, are the arms and armour to be sold at Christie's on the same day. The bulk of it is from Director Folke Elioth's famous collection in Sweden, and for anyone not aware of the brilliant and imaginative workmanship lavished on antique weapons, this collection will be a revelation. There are altogether 250 pieces for auction, and they include naval boarding axes, polearms, swords and daggers, armour, powder-flasks and firearms. To give some idea of the amazing craftsmanship, the lock of one belt-pistol is described as being "finely chiselled with monsters, masks and engraved foliage."

There has been a renewed interest in the strange and arresting art of the French painter Odilon Redon. Following closely on the exhibition of his lithographs at the Arts Council Gallery is an illuminating collection of eighty-five drawings, pastels and paintings now on view at the Matthiessen Gallery. They admirably illustrate the remarkable range of Redon's achievement, from his dark mythological drawings to his brilliantly colourful flowerpieces and his sensitive portrait-studies. Yet another

COLLECTORS

picture by Redon, a masterly study of a young woman seen in profile, fetched £7,500 in the record-breaking sale of French paintings at Sotheby's on May 6.

Marlborough Fine Art are holding another of their outstanding exhibitions of works by 19th-century and modern masters. In a wealth of fine things, of particular interest are: Henry Moore's 8-ft. working model for his UNESCO "Reclining Figure"; a pastel of a seated woman by Manet, called "Le Tricot"; a powerful ink and gouache "Tête de Femme," by Picasso, painted in 1942; a Cézanne oil of a reclining youth; a delightful study of child with a cat, by Gauguin; and a remarkable carved wine-barrel, 14½ ins. high, also the work of Gauguin.

Paintings by lesser artists of the same era are on view at the Crane Kalman Gallery, which is showing an exhibition called an "Anthology of Neglected Painters." Many of these artists, to-day barely heard of, were as well known in their day as their now world-famous contemporaries. They include men like Emile Bernard—who was a friend and painting-companion of Gauguin, Van Gogh and Cézanne—Lucien Maissieux and that colourful artist Alexandre Steinlen.

Mr. Leonard Koetser is at present showing works by artists who are never likely to be neglected. Chief among them is Franz Hals, whose small "Shrimp Girl" is an important discovery, and takes pride of place in the exhibition along with two magnificent small "Capricios" by Guardi. In another exhibition of Old Masters, at Colnaghi's, two outstanding pictures have been purchased by English museums; Matteo di Giovanni's "David Guarding his Flock," by the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery, and Simon Vouet's "The Entombment," by the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.



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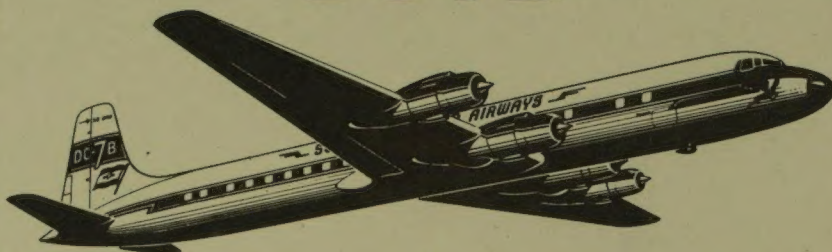
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DRYWOOD Chinchilla Farms Ltd.

offer you a guaranteed investment in a growing industry.

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MARKETING.—We arrange for the sale of the stock you raise and guarantee the animals sold on your behalf will live and litter.

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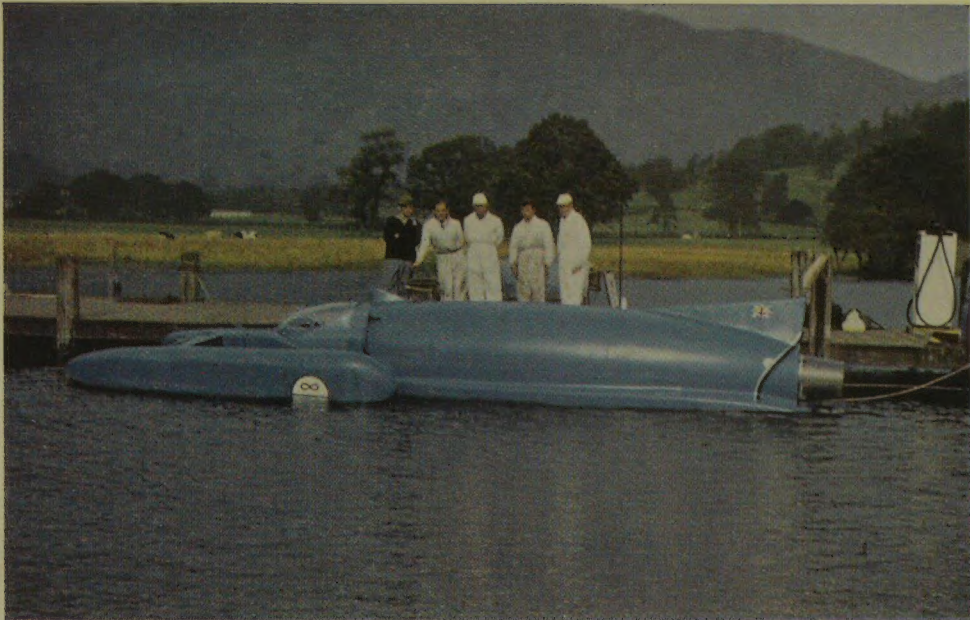
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'Bluebird' and members of the team at Coniston



'Bluebird' owner and pilot, Donald Campbell, is a good man with a camera



Leo Villa and Tommy Wisdom with 'Bluebird' at Lake Bourget



A colourful moment as marker buoys are towed out. Donald Campbell took these pictures on 'Kodachrome' film

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DONALD CAMPBELL took these snaps with his new Bantam 'COLORSNAP' camera

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